ABDUCTING ABIGAIL

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THIRD DRAFT

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

Over the Universal logo "TSCHAIKOVSKY'S SWAN THEME FROM THE BALLET SWAN LAKE" begins to swell as we -

FADE TO:

INT. BALLET CLASS - NIGHT

Orange flames roar in a large gaping fireplace. Illuminating the small dark room with a warm flickering glow.

A set of tiny feet wearing satin slippers tiptoe along wooden floorboards. Kicking the air in a flurry. Feet belonging to -

ABIGAIL, 12, wearing a pink tutu. Dancing alone to a record turning on a gramophone. Her shadow casting on the wall.

She pirouettes to the music. Elegant and graceful. Twirling and twirling as the record spins and spins to a crescendo.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALLET SCHOOL - NIGHT - LATER

Abigail, a gleeful smile on her face, wrapped in a winter coat and gloves, bounds outside with delight.

The young girl jumping into the warmth of a waiting town car.

INT. VAN - ACROSS THE STREET - SAME

A small border terrier lays quietly on its belly between TWO UNSEEN FIGURES sat in wait, watching the car pull away.

WOMAN (INTO PHONE)
Sammy to Frank, Tiny Dancer is on route. ETA fifteen minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Three people wearing rubber masks of the famous Rat Pack crooners, FRANK SINATRA, DEAN MARTIN and JOEY BISHOP, linger in the shadows. Calm and collected.

FRANK (INTO PHONE)
Understood.

Frank hangs up. Signals to DEAN and JOEY to move out. A plan set in motion.

BACK TO:

INT. VAN - SAME

The woman slips a mask of SAMMY DAVIS JR over her head, looks to the driver behind the wheel wearing a PETER LAWFORD mask.

SAMMY motions to PETER to follow. The van engine chatters to life, pursues the town car down the dark Boston street.

EXT. BOSTON BROWNSTONE - BACK GARDEN - NIGHT

A security camera above a door pans left and right. FRANK and DEAN creep hastily underneath, evading its field of vision.

Frank quickly hoists Dean up in his arms. Dean, a can of black spray paint in hand, blinds the lens completely.

JOEY emerges from the night, tosses Frank a metal crowbar.

Frank wedges the steel lever between the lock and door frame. Pulls with might, the wooden frame strains, splinters until -

CRACK! It breaks open. Frank nods to Dean to enter inside. The Rat Pack trained and prepared for the task at hand.

INT. BOSTON BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

An ALARM CONSOLE attached to a wall BEEPS speedily. Preparing to alert anyone that hears it, including the cops.

Dean rapidly unscrews its plastic casing. Rips a series of colored wires and cables free as the BEEP! BEEPS! Rise.

He carefully and with precision begins twisting them around each other. The alarm seconds away from erupting.

He finishes, tightens the metal ends of the cables together.

Until - the FRANTIC SHRIEKING BEEPS fall silent.

Dean sighs deeply, relieved the alarm has silenced. Frank passes by him with purpose, makes his way upstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The town car rolls to the curb outside. Abigail hops out, skips to the door. Slips a key into the door lock.

The van slowly drives by. Sammy watching the little girl disappear inside her home as they round the street corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

The van reverses into position. Engine falling silent.

After a moment, the back doors whip open. Sammy leaps out, peers over the garden wall at the light in Abigail's bedroom.

The house seems tranquil. Undisturbed by the invaders inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BOSTON BROWNSTONE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Abigail pours a glass of milk. The young kid a picture of innocence. Wiping moisture from her hands into her tutu.

She takes the glass in her grasp, makes her way into -

INT. BOSTON BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She passes by the alarm console on the wall that appears untouched. Almost as if Dean had never even tampered with it.

Abigail pacing quickly up the staircase.

INT. BOSTON BROWNSTONE - ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She pushes the door shut with her foot. Places the glass of cold creamy milk on a side table next to her bed.

Exhausted, she leaps onto her mattress and sprawls out. Closing her eyes, listening to the sound of her breath until -

CCCCRRREEEAAAKKK!

Her eyes slowly open. Abigail pivoting her head in the direction of her bedroom door when as quick as a flash -

WHAM! A black gloved hand slams hard across her mouth and nose. Muffling the young ballerina's frightened screams.

Frank looming over a fearful Abigail who frantically kicks and punches, desperate to break free of his grasp.

FRANK
Now, Joey! Do it!

Joey rounds the bed with a syringe full of liquid. She struggles to pierce the skin on the squirming girl's neck.

Abigail trashes wildly about, strikes the glass from the side table, the white milk flecking onto the pink carpet below.

Dean rushes from the darkness, restrains Abigail's arms. Pinning them down, subduing her panicked attempt at escape.

Joey plunges the needle into her neck. Clear fluid rushing into Abigail's bloodstream, her body instantly falling limp.

Frank releases his grip. Abigail out cold in the land of nod.

Joey slides the empty hypodermic into a small case next to another syringe full to the brim with the same clear liquid.

Frank takes his hand from the sleeping child's angelic face. Satisfied she will not wake anytime soon.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sammy checks the watch on her wrist. The time - **8:54.**

She looks back to the bedroom, spies multiple shadows moving around the pink painted walls adorned with pop band posters.

BACK TO:

INT. BOSTON BROWNSTONE - ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey and Frank swaddle a lifeless Abigail in her bed sheets. Dean rifles in her closet, finds a pack of unopened earbuds.

FRANK
What are you doing?

DEAN
What?! She ain't going to miss 'em.

JOEY
(checking her watch)
We don't have time for this, we got to move now, Frank.

Frank rises, snatches the earbuds from Dean's hand.

FRANK
Are you stupid or did you have to take a class? We are here for the girl, dipshit. Nothing else.

Frank returns the earbuds to the closet. Dean glares, vexed.

CUT TO:

INT. BOSTON BROWNSTONE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank and Joey carry Abigail, wrapped like a mummy in her bed sheets downstairs. Dean keeping up pace behind them.

They round the bottom of the stairs, move towards the kitchen with speed just as - WHAM! Abigail's hand LASHES out.

Grabbing hold of the bannister with one last desperate grasp.

Frank and Joey unable to move. Her grip tight. Dean grabs her fingers, struggles to pry them free.

When outside they hear - Heavy footsteps approaching the front door of the brownstone.

Fear courses through all their bodies. Dean pulls hard on the languid girl's wrist, still she won't budge. Holding firm.

WHACK! Dean karate chops her hand. Breaking Abigail's grasp.

CLICK! A key turns in a lock outside. The kidnappers bolt quietly towards the rear exit in the back kitchen.

Dean glances back, beholds the front door slowly opening. Abigail's father returning home to see his young daughter.

ABIGAIL'S FATHER'S VOICE
Abigail, sweetie!!

The rear door closes. The abductors escaping with their haul.

INT. VAN - SECONDS LATER

The kidnappers load Abigail into the back and climb in. Sammy BANGING LOUDLY on the side panel. A cue for the driver to go.

Peter stops petting the small dog, slips the van into gear.

The vehicle rolls out of the alleyway into busy flowing traffic. His eyes focused on the road as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The van zooms onwards, passing by a road sign that declares:

"WELCOME TO NEW HAMPSHIRE, LIVE FREE OR DIE"

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/ MOUNT WASHINGTON - NIGHT

AERIAL VIEWS - The van powers along the dark icy road that snakes and disappears into a vast winter woodland.

In the distance, a grand colonial-era hotel with gothic peaks sits nestled at the bottom of a grand snow capped summit.

A ski resort withered by time and economic strife secluded from society deep within the Granite States White Mountains.

EXT. WHITBY HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Old and dilapidated. Every single window sealed with welded rusting sheet metal weathered from harsh blizzard winds.

No manner of light able to penetrate the abandoned SIX FLOOR building. Not lamp light. Not sunlight. Not moonlight.

Nothing.

A decrepit old sign over the doorway reads - **THE WHITBY.**

EXT. WHITBY HOTEL - MAIN ENTRANCE - SAME

A short ponytailed man wearing a dark tailored suit, SANDOR, waits patiently, checking the time on a gold pocket watch.

A broad smile streaks across his dumpy face as the approaching van rolls up the driveway with the girl inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITBY HOTEL - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

DING! An elevator's metal doors glide open.

Joey, Sammy and Peter exit, carrying their motionless victim down the long shadowy corridor, entering into - **ROOM 217.**

INT. ROOM 217 - CONTINUOUS

They lay Abigail gently on top a four poster bed. Sammy cable tying the young girl's wrists to the sturdy wooden headboard.

Joey places headphones over the girl's ears, hits the play button on an aged MP3 player. BIG BAND JAZZ MUSIC explodes.

The only sound Abigail will hear while incarcerated.

Peter prepares a walkie talkie on a dresser. Clicks the push-to-talk button down. Fastening it into position with tape.

Sammy presses duct tape over Abigail's eyes and mouth. Blinding her vision and silencing her potential cries.

Happy that the girl is secure, they pull off their rubber Rat Pack masks revealing their true identities:

Sammy, mid-thirties, a calm and assured professional that's done it all and seen it all. This ain't her first rodeo.

Joey, early thirties, a tattoo armed biker girl who is well trained and who has many skills that can pay many bills.

Peter, late fifties, Irish, a worn down grizzled weapon of self-destruction with a weakness for all forms of alcohol.

All three kidnappers trade jovial smiles. Elated with a job well done. Abigail's abduction a complete success.

FRANK (OVERLAP)
Everything went like clockwork.

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

Frank, thirties, a bullish Bostonian boy, sits with Sandor. Both men surrounded by tables and chairs laid out for a glamorous white wedding that never had a chance to happen.

FRANK
The girl didn't put up much of a fight and everybody played their part like they were supposed to.

SANDOR
And the father?

FRANK
Daddy came home but it was too late. We had her gagged and bagged and out the back door before he even knew she was gone.

SANDOR
Excellent. You did good, Frank. A professional job all around.

Frank smirks. Chuffed the plan went off without issue.

SANDOR (CONT'D)
I'll have the ransom note delivered to daddy dearest's office in a few hours demanding the fifty million dollars for the safe and secure return of his daughter. With the added incentive that if he doesn't cough up the cash, he'll be looking for little Abigail's corpse all over New England for the rest of his natural life.

FRANK
What makes you so sure he won't go to the cops?

SANDOR
He won't. This guy is smart and has the money. He knows better.
(MORE)

SANDOR (CONT'D)
He'll pay to get her back. 50 mill is chump change to a man like him.

FRANK
Don't suppose you want to divulge his identity to me now so I know whose daughter we have upstairs?

Sandor shakes his head.

SANDOR
On a job like this it's best you don't know the identity of the mark. Keeps things nice and simple when you know it's just another faceless human being. That's why I don't want any of your crew sharing their real identities either. Everything should be on a need to know basis, and guess what?

FRANK
We don't need to know.

SANDOR
Hole in one, my friend. Trust me, this will all go as we planned.

Frank straightens up. Locks eyes with Sandor. Serious.

FRANK
And what about our little deal?

Sandor smiles, reaches inside his coat. Retrieves from it - An ORNATE KEY with the number *1936* engraved onto the bow.

SANDOR
When the ransom has been deposited and your work here is done, bring this key to Boston Safe Deposit and Thrust. There you will give the name Quincy Morris. Then you will be given access to a lockbox and inside will be your payment for services rendered.

Sandor slides the key across the table to an intrigued Frank.

SANDOR (CONT'D)
Your half, 25 million dollars. Not a bad take for a piss easy job.

Sandor smiles, checks the time on his gold pocket watch. Frank equally cheery. Everything going to plan.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: The rubber Rat Pack masks and cell phones melting in the roaring flames of a fireplace in the foyer.

Peter prods them with the metal crowbar. His dog asleep at his feet, warm and toasty. The name MARY on its collar.

Sammy and Joey stand quietly beside him, observing as the evidence of their crime burns away.

Sammy's gaze drifts to Frank escorting Sandor to the door.

FRANK
Couldn't you have at least picked a nicer place for us to lay low during all of this instead of this creepy ass hotel?

SANDOR
What's the matter, Frank? Does this old place scare you? Thought you'd have bigger balls than that.

Frank doesn't respond. Sandor snickers at his own candour.

SANDOR (CONT'D)
Look, this hotel has been abandoned for years and the locals don't come near the place. So you don't have to worry about people sniffing around. It still has power, heat, running water. I've also filled the refrigerator with plenty of food and per Peter's request, the bar is stocked with enough liqueur you could hold several wakes here. All you and the others have to do is relax, keep the girl locked up and await my return with news of our well-earned spoils.

Frank digests his instructions.

SANDOR (CONT'D)
The hard parts over, Frank. You're about to become a very rich man.

They stop at the hotel entrance. Sandor searching in his coat pocket, looks to the others, speaks in hushed tones.

SANDOR (CONT'D)
I gotta ask, how do you eventually plan on alleviating yourself from the rest of the Rat Pack?

FRANK
By doing what the real Frank did.
By doing it my way.

Sandor can't help but smirk as he finds what he was looking for - A pair of metal handcuffs.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What are these?

SANDOR
In your line of work, I thought you'd be aware of their purpose.

FRANK
She's secure. Going nowhere.

Sandor opens the door. Tosses Frank the cuffs.

SANDOR
Cable ties are flimsy, I think it would be better if our prisoner were restrained with steel.

Sandor promptly leaves. Frank shuts the door, locks it with a key attached to a hefty bunch. No one getting in or out.

Sammy watching him. The hotel now in complete lockdown.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - MORNING

Fried eggs sizzle on a pan. Peter, cooking breakfast, pulls a sharpened knife from a block. Begins skinning a potato.

Dean (18), skinny and belligerent, cycles a BMX through the kitchen, its back tyre nudges a mop that falls into the pan.

Peter waves the knife, nettled by the young man's intrusion.

PETER
Get out of here, you gobshite!!

Dean giggles. Barges through a set of swinging doors.

INT. FRANK'S HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Frank zips open a gym bag full of clothes. Rummages around and takes from inside a folded towel - A PISTOL.

He slaps a loaded clip into place. Primes the chamber.

INT. BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy and Joey sit at the table observing the tiny dog (Mary) worrying a SQUEAKING plastic bone-shaped chew toy.

Dean circles them on his bike. Whistling an irritable tune.

JOEY
Who brings their dog on a job?

SAMMY
Apparently, it’s an emotional support animal. But I don’t know whose emotions are being supported. The dogs or Peters.

JOEY
But still, he brought a dog on a job. That’s beyond nuts.

SAMMY
It’s not the craziest thing I’ve seen. I once worked a job with a guy who wouldn’t go into a room if he knew there were mirrors in it.

JOEY
Was it a phobia?

SAMMY
Don’t know... He sure was ugly though.

They both laugh when from the kitchen - Peter enters with a silver tray heaving with plates of food and fresh coffee.

He lays out 5 full Irish breakfasts on the table. A grease laden meal for those in desperate need of a coronary.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
So, tell us, what’s the difference between a traditional full Irish breakfast and a full English?

PETER
Most would say the black and white pudding, my dear Sammy. But for it to be a proper full Irish, you have to have the fried potatoes.

JOEY
Trust the Irish not to be able to have a meal without potatoes.

Joey scoffs. A little too loudly for Peter’s liking.

PETER
(sitting)
What's that supposed to mean?

Joey pales. Can see she has upset the Irishman. Dean stops whistling, feeling the tension immediately rising in the air.

JOEY
I mean..I was just -

PETER
You saying us Irish are nothing more than stupid spud munching troglodytes are you, Joey?

SAMMY
She didn't mean to offend, Peter.

PETER
She didn't mean to, but she did offend. That's the issue.
(to Joey)
Do you think I'm a joke? A fucking shamrock waving leprechaun?

Joey lost for words. Peter's vexation increasing rapidly.

PETER (CONT'D)
Maybe next time, princess, you might want to get up off your arse and cook your own god damn breakfast, cause although this hotel may look it, this ain't Downtown Abbey. And I'm far from being the butler. Do you get me?

An awkward silence falls around the table until - Peter cracks a playful smile. Chuckles aloud. Dean resumes cycling.

PETER (CONT'D)
Relax. I'm just pulling your leg.

Joey swallows back her fear, relief washing over.

PETER (CONT'D)
But try not to be so culturally insensitive next time. Feelings matter you know.

Joey doesn't know how to react. Uncertain if he's joking or not. Peter plucks a sausage from his plate. Calls to the dog.

PETER (CONT'D)
Mary!

Peter hurls the meat across the room. Mary inhaling it instantly as Frank steps into the room and takes a seat at the table.

FRANK
Any coffee?

Sammy passes him a fresh pot. Frank pouring himself a cup.

SAMMY
Did Sandor say anything worth knowing before departing us?

FRANK
Just that we stick to the plan. We wait for the girl's father to pay the ransom, then we each get our cut for a job well done.

PETER
Jesus! 10 million apiece. Not a bad day at the office if you ask me.

SAMMY
Did he mention who the mark was at all?

Frank sips his hot coffee. Shakes his head.

JOEY
How long do you think we will be here, Frank?

FRANK
As long as we have to.

PETER
And what if her daddy refuses to pay up? What do we do then?

Frank shoots Peter an irked look. Sick of questions.

FRANK
If he's a man who truly loves his daughter, he'll pay without delay.

His angry gaze switches to Dean still cycling and whistling.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And you, jack off, quit whistling and riding that stupid kid bike around here.

DEAN
Go fuck yourself!!

FRANK
Get off it now, Dean or I'll come over there and clip your nuts.

DEAN
Suck my balls, you Southie bitch!

Frank pissed, tosses his coffee cup at Dean who avoids it with ease. Dean flips him the bird. Cycles away.

Frank erupts from his seat, about to go after the teen when from the walkie on the table they hear - A MUFFLED CRY.

Everyone looks to the device. The kidnapped girl wide awake.

INT. ROOM 217 - MOMENTS LATER

The door clicks open. Sammy gently stepping in with a bowl of warm porridge cupped in her hands. While on the bed -

Abigail shifts frenziedly. In the dark, scared and confused.

Sammy peels the duct tape from her mouth. Abigail squeals in pain. Sammy pushing a spoon full of porridge into her mouth.

Abigail splutters and spits. Sammy tries again but gets the same result. She relents. Not wanting to force feed the girl.

ABIGAIL
(weeping)
What's happening? Where am I?

Sammy reaches out, wipes the streaming tears from Abigail's cheek when suddenly - Frank paces into the room.

FRANK
Is she eating?

Sammy startled, swiftly pulls her hand from Abigail's face.

SAMMY
No...she's just spitting it out.

Frank loops the handcuffs around the headboard, clasps them around Abigail's wrists before snapping off the cable ties.

FRANK
When she's hungry, she'll eat.

Sammy nods in solemn agreement. Her mind racing with guilt.

PETER (OVERLAP)
All this is, is a game of patience, strategy and cerebral manipulation.

INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER

Sammy sits at the bar nursing a glass of whiskey, admiring a polaroid photograph in her hand of -

A young, gaunt, rail thin boy, eleven, laying in a hospital bed. A feeding tube up his nose, multiple I'V lines in his arms, surrounded by a plethora of medical machinery.

Sammy sat beside him on the bed, both forcing a pained smile.

PETER (O.S.)
But you also need killer instinct. There are no friends in this game, only the enemy sat across from you.

At a nearby table, Peter, swigging from a bottle of whiskey, sits with Joey, teaching her the basics of chess.

PETER (CONT'D)
Tell me, what's the first rule when playing chess?

Joey unsure, dwells on the answer for what seems an eternity.

JOEY
The way the pieces are allowed to move? Sideways and all that.

PETER
Cute. But guess again.

Joey stumped. Doesn't know the answer when from the bar -

SAMMY (O.S.)
Consider the whole board when you play, not just the individual pieces. Play for the future.

Peter looks to Sammy with interest, gulps back more whiskey.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Make sure you are always two steps ahead. Lure your opponent into the game you want them to play.

JOEY
(to Peter)
Is she right?

Peter smiles, a shit eating grin. Likes what he hears.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

Frank sat at a desk, stares at the lockbox key in his hand.

Slides it into his shirt pocket. Keeping it close and safe.

INT. THIRD FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dean cycling, stops outside Frank's open bedroom door. Beams.

INT. FRANK'S HOTEL ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Frank's gym bag is tossed onto his bed and promptly unzipped.

Dean rummages through Frank's belongings, finds a wallet. He grins with joy, stealing the healthy wedge of money inside.

DEAN
Thank you, Frank. You cock sucker!

He continues searching. Uncovers something interesting folded up in a large gym towel - FRANK'S LOADED GUN.

Dean ecstatic, holds it sideways like a gangster as the sound of **"I LIKE IT by CARDI B"** begins to thump loudly and we -

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - LATER

Dean hops down the staircase on the back wheel of his BMX. Pistol tucked in his waist. Mouthing the words to the song.

The stolen earbuds from Abigail's room wedged in his ears.

He lands at the bottom step, powers onwards with speed into -

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

He swiftly cycles around a drained pool filled with old patio furniture, mattresses, filing cabinets, office chairs etc.

Detritus from the hotel tossed precariously inside.

INT. CORRIDORS - CONTINUOUS

Dean pedals frantically down the sparsely lit halls. Whizzing by a collection of dust caked portraits from times past.

Men. Women. Children. Families. An aged image of the hotel perched under the jagged mountain covered in snow.

Dean slapping a few off the wall as he cycles by.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dean halts outside room 217. Presses his ear to the door.

The room inside silent. Not a peep from the young girl. He goes on his way, peddling hard down the desolate hallway.

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

He zips across the room. Tipping chairs over as he goes.

This young kid having the time of his life. Rapping loudly.

INT. HOTEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Dean rushes through the room. Still miming the lyrics. Swiftly cycling by - Peter out cold on the bar.

A collection of empty liqueur bottles beside him.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dean pedals towards the swinging doors, nodding his head to the rhythmic beat of the rap song when without warning -

The front wheel of the bike JAMS to an abrupt halt. Dean loses control, flips over the handlebars, ass over teakettle.

SMACK! His skull strikes the tiled floor. Hard.

He lays motionless for a moment. Groans in distress. The back wheel of his bike CLICK! CLICK! CLICKING to a stop.

Dean writhes on the ground in pain. After a moment, he comes to. Rises to his feet, groggy, blood streaming down his face.

He staggers to the sink full of cutlery, cleans the wound on his head with rushing water from the faucet. When behind him -

A DARK FIGURE streaks past. Fast. Like a blur.

Dean spins to see - Nothing and nobody. The kitchen empty.

He looks to his bike. Spies the MOP HANDLE rammed through the spokes of the front wheel. The reason his BMX stopped dead.

Dean scans the kitchen, removes the gun from his waistband.

DEAN
Frank, that you playing games?!

Wiping blood from his brow, he searches the area. A set of hanging cooking pots sway on their rack- CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!

Suddenly, a wooden door hidden in the corner of the room WHINES open. Dean aims the gun. Steps warily towards it.

INT. FOOD CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Dean descends a set of rickety steps. The cellar tenebrous, sodden, littered with rotten foodstuffs and broken bottles.

Gun held high, he hesitantly inspects the room. Straining to see in the inky blackness before him.

He reaches up, pulls a chain light. A single bulb fizzes to life. Casting illumination across the murky space.

On alert, his eyes dart to movement behind a stack of old flour sacks piled high at the back of the room.

Cautious, he steps forward. Pistol trembling in his hand. He pulls a sack from the top. Mulched flour gushing out.

Then another sack. And another. White powder spews around his feet. He rips another free, when from the shadows leaps -

Mary the dog, scurrying away in fright. Dean jolts with shock. Feet sliding in the mottled flour pile.

DEAN
HOLY SHIT!!

Dean aims the gun. The dog bounding quickly up the stairs.

DEAN (CONT'D)
You better run, you stupid runt!

He steadies, begins laughing at what just happened. Feeling foolish. When from beyond the stack of remaining flour sacks -

The DARK FIGURE rises, slow and methodical. Dean completely unaware. Busy chuckling to himself.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Peter if you down here, your dog nearly scared me half to death. You're lucky I didn't shoot that mangy flea bitten son of a -

Like lightning, a black gloved hand wraps around his mouth, silencing his terrified screams.

Dean's eye's bulging with fear as he is pulled backwards with immense force into the darkness and we -

TIME CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - MORNING

Peter unconscious next to the empty liquor bottles. Saliva dribbling from his mouth. Mary asleep under his feet.

He startles awake. Disoriented. Stumbles awkwardly into -

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He opens the refrigerator. Grabs a packet of ham. His glassy eyes focusing on - Dean's BMX abandoned on the floor.

Peter chomps on the meat. Puzzled by the sight. His concerned gaze tracks a line of crimson blood to the sink.

The dirty plates from breakfast smeared with liquid red.

INT. FRANK'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - LATER

Frank performing sit ups, breathes heavily. Sweat pumping.

He stands, opens his gym bag. Dries himself with his towel. Suddenly, a perplexed grimace wipes across his face.

Frank roots in his bag. Searching for his gun. But it's gone.

Burning with rage, he rapidly moves to exit. Whips the room door open to find - Peter about to knock. Jolting Frank.

FRANK
JESUS CHRIST, PETER!!

PETER
Whoa! Easy sunshine.

Frank composes. Can see Peter wants to tell him something.

FRANK
What? What is it?

CUT TO:

INT. SAMMY'S ROOM - MORNING

Sammy stands at a small sink cleaning her hands when she hears KNOCK on the door. Joey steps into the room, concerned.

JOEY
Frank wants to see us in Dean's room. He says we got a problem.

Sammy moves to the bed. Hides her polaroid under her pillow.

SAMMY
What type of problem?

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank empties Dean's backpack. A treasure trove of stolen items tumbles out. Laptops, iPads, earbuds, Gopro's etc.

But no sign of his gun as Sammy and Joey step in. The girls acknowledging Peter stood in the corner petting his dog.

SAMMY
Where is he?

FRANK
We don't know. That's the problem.

SAMMY
Then how do we know that he's actually missing?

PETER
Not being able to find him is usually the first indication.

FRANK
Peter found his precious bike in the kitchen. The front wheel is all banged up but there's no sign of the little asshole anywhere.

SAMMY
That doesn't mean much. He's reckless. He probably damaged it and just left it there.

PETER
That's not all...There's blood.

Sammy looks to Peter gently massaging his dog's stomach.

PETER (CONT'D)
Streaks of it on the kitchen floor and a lot of it in the sink.

JOEY
Maybe he injured himself? He could have fallen off his bike, banged his head and is passed out somewhere. We should look for him.

Frank, seething, registers Joey's concerns.

FRANK
You're right. Peter and I will go look for him, see if he's alright. In the meantime -

Frank tosses Sammy the weighty bunch of keys.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You two check in on our guest of honour.

Sammy and Joey share a look. Their orders given.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 217 - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy and Joey stand over Abigail shackled to the bed, the jazz music trumpeting into her ears. Deafening the poor girl.

Joey checks her over. The child placid. Too scared to move.

JOEY
That music can't be good for her eardrums in the long run.

Sammy considers this. Lowers the volume on the MP3 player.

JOEY (CONT'D)
How you holding up, you sleep okay?

Sammy eyes her, quizzical. Not sure how to take her question.

JOEY (CONT'D)
In this place? Ain't exactly the Plaza. I swear I heard rats scratching on the walls in my room last night. Place must be infested.

SAMMY
I slept fine.

JOEY,
After this job, I'm a hundred percent going on vacation. A five star hotel somewhere warm, where shirtless cabana boys with rock hard abs, wearing tiny white pants bring you colourful alcoholic drinks with umbrellas in.
(beat)
You go any plans yourself?

SAMMY
Nothing worth talking about.

JOEY
Me, I haven't had a score like this in a long time. I needed it. I live with my mom in Tucson and we had a storm last year and the house it -

SAMMY
I'm sorry, nothing personal, but I can't afford to get to know you. I got rules.
(MORE)

SAMMY (CONT'D)
We left who we really are at home when we agreed to do this job. If you don't mind, I'd prefer to keep it professional.

Joey nods, dejected. Sammy notices her sullen face. Softens.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
But if you want, you can continue telling me about those cabana boys and those colourful drinks.

Joey smiles. Resumes tending to a static Abigail on the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Frank on the move, going room to room in search of the missing Dean.

PETER
This place is as spooky as hell. I keep expecting Jack Nicholson to pop out from behind a curtain swinging an axe.

Frank eyeballs him, bemused by his "strange" remarks.

PETER (CONT'D)
You know, like in The Shining?

FRANK
I don't watch old movies.

PETER
Old? It's a classic. I went to see that in a picture house when I was a lad. Scary stuff, especially the part where Nicholson kisses a woman that turns into a laughing corpse.

FRANK
I hope for Dean's sake he's a corpse when we find him. Saves me having to beat his ass to death.

PETER
Do you think he might just be playing a game with us? You know what he's like.

FRANK
You see that's where you're wrong. I don't know what he's like. I don't know what you're like, Peter.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
I don’t even know what the girls are like. We’re just strangers brought together for a job that requires blind faith and reliance in each other. Nobody really knows anything about anyone.

Frank kicks open a bedroom door. Turns to Peter, serious.

FRANK (CONT'D)
But I got instincts. And mine tell me that Dean ain’t to be trusted.

Peter contemplates this theory as Frank walks into -

INT. THIRD FLOOR BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter steps inside. The room a mess. The bed toppled over.

PETER
What are you thinking?

Frank studies the wooden frame of the bed. The mattress stained with dark brown. Twisted rusted springs protruding.

FRANK
I know his type. He’s a liar. A scumbag. A snake that slithers onto a job he has no business being involved with in the first place.

Frank reaches under the bed frame. Inspecting with his hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And he’s a type of snake that gets greedy. The sort that wants all or nothing. And when you attempt to corner a snake like him, they coil up and they strike. They won’t think twice about going through you to get what they want.

PETER
With that said, I don’t think he’s that snake-like that he’s able to squeeze under that there bed.

FRANK
I can feel something under here. Help me turn it over.

Peter grabs the end of the bed. Frank the top. The two men heave and flip it over. Dust swirls in the air as they see -

A long metal chain attached to an iron collar bolted to the floorboards underneath. A shackle used to imprison someone.

PETER
You ever seen anything like that in any hotel you've stayed in before?

Frank studies the iron collar. The lock broken. Snapped off.

INT. ROOM 217 - CONTINUOUS

Joey examines Abigail's wrists grazed by the metal handcuffs.

JOEY
Why didn't Frank stick to cable ties like we all agreed?

SAMMY
Sandor's orders. Wanted her cuffed.

Joey bends over Abigail's tapped mouth. Listening carefully to her shallow breathing when suddenly - ABIGAIL SCREAMS.

Joey jolts upright, scared. Sammy leaping with fright.

Abigail squirms. The headboard rattles as the metal cuffs shriek against the wood. Abigail spitting through the tape.

Clear flowing saliva then - Vomit. Thick dark green bile.

Sammy quickly rips the tape from her mouth. Abigail coughs and gasps for air. Long deep striving breaths.

She GURGLES. Joey grips her head, peers into her mouth.

JOEY
Hold her!!

Sammy does as she is told. Presses her full weight down.

Joey sticks two fingers into Abigail's mouth, clearing the airwaves in her blocked throat when without warning-

Brown vomit explodes from Abigail's mouth, spraying into Joey's stunned and horrified face.

Sammy grabs the bunch of keys, unlocks her handcuffs. Abigail frantic, kicks and screams, desperate for oxygen.

Joey wipes her eyes clean while on the bed -

Sammy and Abigail wrestle, the girl in fight mode. The tape over her eyes flapping loose, now able to see her captors.

Her frightened eyes locked on a fearful Sammy trying to overpower her as gently and as safely as she can.

In one swift motion, Abigail manoeuvres her legs, kicking Sammy hard in the gut. Sammy buckles, releases her grip.

Abigail leaps from the bed. Joey tries to grab her. Abigail SLAPS her hard on the jaw sending her crashing to the floor.

The frightened ballerina racing as fast as she can into -

INT. SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Abigail, terrified and disorientated, charges towards the open elevator doors at the far end of the corridor.

Her little legs like jelly, struggling to carry her forward.

Sammy and Joey dash out of the room. Abigail stumbles, a couple of feet from the elevator when from behind her -

Frank appears from a doorway, clasping his arms tight around her waist, snaring her. He hoists her high into the air.

Abigail yells and wriggles. Frank carrying her back up the hallway to the hotel bedroom that has become her prison.

Peter slips the tape back over her eyes. Blinding her again.

INT. ROOM 217 - CONTINUOUS

Frank hurtles Abigail onto the bed, snaps her wrists into the cuffs. Grabs the earphones, forces them back over her head.

Raising the volume of the jazz music to a thunderous level.

He motions to his fellow abductors to exit the room. Abigail sobs uncontrollably on the bed as he follows them out into -

INT. SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank boiling with white hot rage. Locks the door behind him.

FRANK
How the fuck did she get out?

JOEY
She was asphyxiating, coughing up bile and vomit -

FRANK
And you needed to free her hands?

Joey darkens. Disturbed that she is being reprimanded.

SAMMY
It was me. I unlocked her cuffs.

FRANK
Well, you shouldn't have. It was stupid.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
And stupid people make stupid mistakes when they don't think things through.

SAMMY
She could have died, Frank. We're responsible for her wellbeing.

FRANK
The only thing we're responsible for is keeping that girl locked up in that room until her daddy pays us the ransom. We're the wardens and she's our prisoner. That's it. That's the job. End of the fucking story.

Frank storms off. Leaving everyone in stunned silence.

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank furious, paces into the room, kicks the desk. A stack of dust covered ACCOUNTS LEDGERS tumble to the floor.

He sits, teeth gritted. Irate the girl was able to get loose.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - LATER

Peter sets the chess pieces onto the board. Joey and Sammy sit chastened at the bar. Pissed off at being chewed out.

JOEY
Should we not still be looking for Dean?

PETER
I think it's best we call off the search till Frank cools down. Lord knows what he would do to him in the fiery humour he's in now.
(to Joey RE: Chessboard)
Until then, fancy another game?

Joey sheepishly nods, rises from the bar. Takes a seat across from Peter who holds up a chess piece - <u>The Bishop</u>.

PETER (CONT'D)
So tell me, what is this piece?

JOEY
(shrugs wearily)
I don't know, The king?

PETER
No, not the king, the one with the crown is the king. This here is the bishop. And like in reality, there are good bishops, and there are bad bishops. And his reach on the board has little restriction. But like real bishops, he can only move in a crooked path to crush his enemies.

SAMMY
You speaking from experience, Peter?

Peter side glances at Sammy.

PETER
I've met a few clergymen in my lifetime that weren't afraid to eliminate their enemies for fear of the truth. The hallowed walls of churches hold many secrets.

Sammy soaks his poignant comments in. Pushes from her seat.

SAMMY
You two want anything to eat?

Joey shakes her head. Peter twists open a bottle of vodka.

PETER
No thanks. I think I'll just stick with the liquid diet for now.

Peter knocks back the spirit. The taste bitter but welcome.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy bends and investigates Dean's BMX laid on the ground. The metal spokes of the front wheel gnarled and broken.

Her attention drawn to the bloodstains streaked on the floor and in the sink. She observes, curious, while behind her -

<u>The hidden door to the food cellar quietly opens to reveal -</u>

The blurry outline of a DARK FIGURE observing her in the half-light. Slowly, it recedes backwards, vanishing into the void of blackness just as -

Sammy turns, spies the open door. She cautiously moves toward it, peers down into the pitch black darkness below.

INT. FOOD CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Sammy descends into the gloom, the single bulb still fizzing from the ceiling. The only source of light.

Intrigued, she tentatively moves onwards, spots the pile of flour cascaded at the back of the room like a fresh snowbank.

She stops in her tracks. An object catching her eye - An angular black shape jutting out from within the white hill.

She reaches, pulls it free, amazed to see that it's - A GUN.

Sammy studies it until her alarmed eyes RACK FOCUS onto -

Dean's bloodied face poking out from beneath the chalky powder. Sammy startled, drops the gun to the floor.

Like lightning, she barrels back up the rickety steps.

INT. HOTEL BAR - SECONDS LATER

Sammy bursts in, startling Joey and Peter out of their game.

SAMMY
I FOUND HIM! I FOUND, DEAN!

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD CELLAR - MOMENTS LATER

The trio rush down the stairs and gather around the flour pile. Peter bends, clears away the ashen powder revealing -

Dean's slit throat. Sliced wide from ear to ear.

Joey shocked, slowly backs up into - Frank casing the scene. He moves her aside, steps closer to get a better look.

FRANK
Who found him?

SAMMY
I did.

FRANK
What were you doing down here?

SAMMY
There was a door, it opened and I came down and there he was.

FRANK
You just happened to find a door to a cellar, came down here and found him dead under a pile of flour?

SAMMY
Yeah.

FRANK
I better show you my birth certificate, Sammy. Cause you must assume I was born yesterday if you think I'm buying what you selling.

SAMMY
That's what happened. That's the truth. I found him down here like this. And that was in his hand.

Sammy points to the pistol on the ground. Frank doesn't react. Just stares at his stolen gun resting at her feet.

JOEY
Dean had a gun? Why did Dean have a gun?

SAMMY
I don't know. But he must have been doing something with it down here.

PETER
You think he was up to something naughty do you, Jessica Fletcher?

SAMMY
I'm not saying that. I'm just assessing the situation.

FRANK
And how do we know it's not yours?

SAMMY
Cause despite what you may think when you're flying off the handle, Frank. I'm not that asinine. If I did do this, why would I drag you all down here to show you?

Frank ponders her remarks. Retrieves the gun from the floor.

FRANK
Where you in your room last night?

SAMMY
Yes. I was in my room last night.

FRANK
You stay in there all night?

Sammy glares at Frank. Not answering any more questions. Frank turns his suspicious spotlight to Peter and Joey.

FRANK (CONT'D)
How about you two?

JOEY
I was in my room all night. Asleep.

PETER
And I was passed out on the bar. But how about you, Colombo? Where were you during the night?

FRANK
Never left my room all evening.

PETER
I guess we'll just take your word on that. Considering we all witnessed you and Dean trading verbal jabs at breakfast yesterday. Not like you were best pals off to a Bruins game anytime soon.

FRANK
So what?

PETER
So perhaps a snake got angry, decided to strike at one of its own that got in the way.

Peter and Frank lock eyes. The tension rising. When suddenly - *The faint sound of radio static begins swirling into the air.*

JOEY
What is that?

The abductors look at each other, addled. Scanning for the source of the murmur. Collective eyes eventually landing on -

The walkie talkie clipped to Peter's belt.

Perplexed, he raises the volume. The HISS of static grows louder and louder until finally, they hear A HUSHED MALE VOICE, almost indistinct saved for a rapid mumble of words.

HUSHED MALE VOICE
Sinners all. Forgive my soul..Please...Please... LET ME BE FREE OF THIS HELL!!

Frank bolts for the stairs. Everyone trailing after him.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Frank drives a key into the door lock. Sammy catches up to him, worried. He rushes into the bedroom with fury.

INT. ROOM 217 - CONTINUOUS

Frank rushes to Abigail, tears the headphones from her ears. Rips the tape viscously from her sealed mouth.

FRANK
WHO WAS IN HERE WITH YOU??!!

ABIGAIL
(whimpering)
What?...What are you -

He grabs her by the shoulders, shakes her violently.

FRANK
TELL ME!!

Abigail begins weeping. Frightened beyond belief.

SAMMY
You're hurting her, Frank.

Frank paces the room. Searching for the source of the voice. Sammy picks up the taped down walkie. Everything normal.

FRANK
You heard that voice on the radio. Somebody was in here with her.

SAMMY
Look around, there's no one here. The door was locked and she couldn't see, hear or speak. The walkie was probably picking up interference from another radio somewhere nearby.

Frank incensed, jams the gun into Abigail's temple.

FRANK
Was someone in here with you?

SAMMY
Frank, cut it out!

ABIGAIL
(crying)
Please, I don't know what you are talking about...Please, stop!

Peter and Joey arrive in the doorway, shocked by what they are witnessing. Frank has completely lost his mind to anger.

SAMMY
Drop the gun, Frank.

Frank pushes the pistol harder into her skull. Eyes gleaming. Abigail SOBS loudly, tears streaming down her cheeks.

FRANK
TELL ME THE TRUTH, BITCH!!

SAMMY
STOP, FRANK. NOW!

FRANK
FUCK YOU!

Frank, dripping crazy, swings the gun towards Sammy.

Like a flash, she grabs his arm, twists it hard behind his back. Pins him with force against the bedroom wall.

She grips the gun, yanks it from his hand. Backs off. Frank swiftly spins to find - the pistol now trained on him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Give me my gun back, Sammy. Give it back to me right now.

SAMMY
<u>Your</u> gun, Frank?

Frank takes a step forward. Sammy unlocks the safety catch. He hesitates. Aware that Sammy knows her way around a piece.

Joey, panicked, rips the bunch of keys from the door.

PETER
Joey, wait!

Joey ignores his pleas, sprints down the hallway, vanishing into a stairwell. Peter making chase after her.

Frank, nervous, slowly rounds Sammy, eyes locked on each other, unflinching. He moves calmly to the door and exits.

Sammy exhales with relief. Grateful she didn't have to shoot.

ABIGAIL
Thank you. Thank you for saving me.

Sammy glances to Abigail on the bed. Face soaked with tears.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Joey races to the front door of the hotel. Rams a key into the lock. Turns. It doesn't move. The key rigid stiff.

She tries another. Again, no movement. And another. Still nothing unlocking. Peter calmly approaches her.

PETER
Relax, Joey. Stop!

She flails with the bunch of keys, wanting badly to get out.

JOEY
I just need some air. Please. I need to get out of this weird ass hotel for a few seconds.

Peter takes the keys from her grasp. Sorts through the bunch.

BACK TO:

INT. ROOM 217 - CONTINUOUS

Sammy places the gun on a dresser and rests on the side of the bed, tenderly wiping away tears from Abigail’s cheeks.

ABIGAIL
Why are you doing this to me?

Sammy doesn’t reply to the distressed child’s query.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I just want to go home.

Sammy caresses her face. Her motherly instincts taking over.

SAMMY
You’ll be home soon. I swear.

Abigail chokes down her tears.

ABIGAIL
That man, he was going to hurt me, wasn’t he?

SAMMY
I won’t let him hurt you. I won’t let anyone hurt you. I promise.

Sammy grips Abigail’s dainty hand. Squeezing it softly.

ABIGAIL
Pinky promise?

Abigail extends her little finger. Sammy knowing what this means, hooks her pinky finger around Abigail’s, reassuringly.

SAMMY
I pinky promise, Abigail.

Abigail turns away, staring into nothingness. A girl lost. Sammy, feeling culpable, peers at the floor to see -

A familiar LOCKBOX KEY, the number *1936* etched on the bow.

She plucks it from the shag carpet below. Admires it for a moment. Intrigued by her bizarre yet curious find.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Peter tries several keys in the door lock. None of them twist. Frank, angry and frazzled, strides quickly to him.

FRANK
Give me the keys.

Peter stares, steadfast. Holding the keys tight in his fist.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I'll let her out.

Frank rips the keys from the hand of a dubious Peter. Looks to a severely agitated Joey in front of him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
If I open this door, will you run?

Joey shakes her head. Struggling to suppress her anxiety.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Cause if you do, I'll catch you.
And that won't be a good thing.

Joey silently nods in understanding. He finds the key needed. Slips it into the lock. It turns and Frank pulls the handle.

But it doesn't budge. Frank grimaces, confused. Tugs harder. Still it stays closed, the door not moving one single inch.

PETER
What's going on, Frank?

FRANK
I unlocked it but it won't open.

PETER
Horse shit.

Peter joins him. Both men pulling with all their might.

PETER (CONT'D)
Was it the right key?

FRANK
It's the only one that works in
this door. It should open.

They strain once more, then, relent. The door unwavering.

PETER
We're locked in. Great!

JOEY
Why..why are we locked in?

SAMMY (O.S.)
Because somebody doesn't want us to leave this hotel.

All of them turn to Sammy stood at the top of the staircase. She looks to an unstable Frank. No love loss between them.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

Mary scampers up the long empty hallway. Her tiny fluffy tail wagging joyfully. Her little paws guiding her into -

INT. EMPTY BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The pooch sniffs. Sensing something interesting in the air.

She pads carefully towards a GRAND ORNATE WARDROBE in the corner of the room. Scratches frantically at the door until -

CLICK! It slowly creaks open to reveal - Nothing but a deep void of blackness inside.

A growl rises from Mary's trembling throat. The wary canine backs up, barks, fearful of the ominous null before her.

Scared, she turns to leave when from within the gloom -

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

Mary spins on all fours to see - Her bright yellow bone shaped chew toy held aloft from within the closet.

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

She moves closer, clamps her teeth down on the toy being held by someone hidden in the dark, teasing the poor Lil dog.

Mary shakes her head rabidly, savaging the plastic. A playful game of pulling back and forth ensues when without warning -

WHAM! A hand wraps around the dog's neck. The pet yelps. Terrified. Desperate to break free when - SNAP!

Her neck is swiftly broken and her lifeless carcass is dragged into the dark as the wardrobe slowly whines shut.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

Frank and Peter splay Dean's corpse atop a table. The flap of skin on his neck flays. His slashed gullet on full display.

FRANK
(to Joey)
You, examine him.

JOEY
What? Why?

FRANK
I want to know how he died.

JOEY
You don't need a medical degree to see his throat's been slit, Frank.

Frank stares her down. Joey sighs. Reluctantly begins examining Dean. Prodding the torn flesh around his neck.

SAMMY
So, what's the plan of action?

FRANK
What do you mean? We wait for Sandor to return with the ransom.

SAMMY
Are you serious? Do you think this job is still a green light?

FRANK
Why wouldn't it be?

PETER
Well, apart from being locked in this hotel, there's the other tiny matter of the murdered teenager currently laying dead on the fucking breakfast table.

SAMMY
Maybe we should look for another way out of here?

FRANK
There is no other way out of here. We just need to wait for Sandor, trust me.

PETER
I trust you as far as I can throw you and that ain't very far, Frank.

FRANK
Why? Cause I brought a gun?

PETER
That. And I too have instincts.

The two men share enraged looks. Suspicion rising among them.

SAMMY
Why did you bring a gun, Frank? Sandor told us specifically not to bring any weapons on this job. He said we wouldn't need any. That this job would be as easy as a two piece jigsaw.

FRANK
It was a mistake, I did it out of habit alright. But, hand on heart, I wasn't planning on using it.

Peter chuckles.

PETER
Yeah, and Bernie Madoff never planned on ripping off his clients. How about you stop pissing down our legs and telling us it's raining, Frank. Start telling the truth.

FRANK
I didn't do this to Dean if that's what you're getting at. I didn't like the little asshole but I didn't kill him. So you can quit with the accusation game, Peter.

Peter glares cold. The tension in the room palpable.

SAMMY
Either way, Dean is dead and I think it would best if we cut our losses and ended this venture now.

FRANK
Job's not finished, Sammy.

SAMMY
The job never involved being turned into a human PEZ dispenser, Frank. Especially when one of us could end up next on the kill list or the fact that one of us here might be a stone cold killer.

PETER
I know who's ticking that box for me.

FRANK
You keep pointing your finger at me dickhead and I'm going to snap it off and shove it up your ass.

Joey looks closer to the wound on Dean's neck. Puzzled.

JOEY
Hey...uh guys!

PETER
Better men than you have tried.

SAMMY
You two need to calm down.

FRANK
Are you seriously saying that I murdered Dean and then left my gun behind in his hand after the deed was done so I could get caught? Do you think I'm stupid or is that the constant intake of alcohol screwing up your wet Irish brain?

PETER
Like you said earlier Frank, stupid people make stupid mistakes when they don't think things through.

SAMMY
BOTH OF YOU, SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Everyone turns, looks to Sammy, stunned by her outburst. She motions to Joey to finally explain her findings.

JOEY
Right, yeah, well like I said before and again I'm not a medical examiner, but I'm seeing clear signs that Dean did indeed die by bleeding out after his throat was slit. And whoever did it, they were strong, extremely powerful to do what they did to this poor kid.

FRANK
What makes you say that?

JOEY
Cause they managed to stab so deep into his throat, they almost beheaded him. I'm talking insane superpower shit here.
(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)
But there's something else. Strange marks on the flesh I can't explain.

SAMMY
What type of marks?

JOEY
You see, when a throat is sliced you can usually tell what type of blade did the damage. Sharp knife. Serrated Saw. An axe. But from what I can make out, a blade didn't do this. If I had to hazard a guess -
(looks up to them all)
I'd say he was killed by the claws of a very big animal.

The group stay silent. Don't respond. Don't know how to.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SWIMMING POOL - LATER

Sammy and Peter roll Dean's corpse into an empty jacuzzi.

PETER
Do you think Frank did this?

SAMMY
(shrugs)
I don't know. Dean did take his gun and they did not like each other that's a fact.

PETER
I think he's talking out of both sides of his mouth. And I think he knows more than he's letting on.

SAMMY
That may be, but what I want to know is, why are we trapped in his hotel and who locked us in here?

PETER
Do you think we're being set up?

SAMMY
If so, why? And again, by whom?

PETER
Any particular suspects in mind?

Peter holds her gaze. Probing deep. Trying to figure her out.

SAMMY
You heard what Joey said, perhaps it's a pissed off bear looking for a nice room at the inn.

Sammy turns and leaves. Peter watching her go, contemplating. He takes one last look at Dean's corpse. Blesses himself.

INT. ROOM 217 - LATER

Frank positions a GoPro on a chair in the corner. Making sure he gets a full view of the entire room.

ABIGAIL
Please! Let me go. I beg you.

Frank steps to the bed. Hovers over the terrified girl. The jazz music once again blasting from the Mp3 into her ears.

After a moment, his eyes drift to the pistol left behind by Sammy on the dresser. He grabs it. Looks to his hostage.

Frank considers, gently removes the headphones from Abigail's head. She tenses instantly. Feeling his touch, his presence.

FRANK
I want you to know that I'm truly sorry for what I did to you earlier. And for what I have done.

He admires the cold steel weapon in his hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And for what I have yet to do.

Frank quickly tucks the pistol under his shirt just as -

Joey enters the room with a medical bag. Ignoring Frank's eyeline as she begins tending to Abigail on the bed.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Did Sammy and Peter move Dean's body to the swimming pool?

Joey doesn't reply, keeping schtum. Frank insulted.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Word to the wise, be wary of your chess teacher, Joey.

Joey opens her bag. Refuses to make eye contact with him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
From my experience, when a full blooded Irishman drinks the way he does, you either get the toe-tapping Paddy full of charm, or you get the red rage hessian that doesn't think twice about dishing out violence like its candy on Halloween night. You hear what I'm saying to you, don't you?

Joey silently nods, begins cleaning dry blood from around Abigail's wrists with a moist cloth. Frank promptly leaves.

JOEY
(to herself)
Thanks for the advice, Frank.

Joey plucks a tube of antiseptic cream from the bag, leans over Abigail, gently applies the lotion to her grazed wrist.

ABIGAIL
That feels nice! Thank you! I appreciate your caring touch.

Joey smiles. Resumes rubbing the cream into her wounds until -

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
How did Dean die?

Joey freezes. Heart skipping a beat as she warily looks down at the imprisoned girl laying arrested on the bed below her.

JOEY
What did you say?

ABIGAIL
The man that was here just now said something about a body. That means somebody died, yes?

Joey doesn't answer. She finishes applying the cream before rifling through her medical bag for some band-aids.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
<u>He</u> killed that boy.

Joey shocked. Swiftly turns her head to Abigail.

JOEY
Why do you say that?

ABIGAIL
I shouldn't have said anything. I'm sorry. Please! Don't hurt me!

Joey sits on the side of the bed. Wanting Abigail to talk.

JOEY
I'm not going to hurt you, but tell me, did he say something? I need to know. It's very important, Abigail.

Abigail tilts her head. Taped eyes still able to find Joey.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

Peter walks the halls in search of Mary. Peering into each open room, desperate to find his beloved pet pooch.

PETER
MARY! MARY! HERE GIRL!

He paces onwards. Looks into an empty linen closet when from back down the darkened hallway he hears - SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

Peter spins, ears perking upon hearing the shrill sound of Mary's dog toy. He darts towards the source of the noise.

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

Peter's feet quicken as he rushes into -

INT. EMPTY BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter bursts through the door. Scans the vacant room.

PETER
MARY?!

He searches the space. Peers behind chairs. Peeks into the dilapidated bathroom. He bends, looks under the aged bed.

Peter spies an object hidden under the frame of the bed, he reaches and retrieves - <u>An old raggedy hotel bible</u>.

Curious he flips it open, amazed to see that it's empty.

All the pages of the good book torn from the spine. Peter snickers, throws it aside without care. His gaze landing on -

The ORNATE WARDROBE in the corner of the room. He paces to the wooden structure, hastily whips open the heavy doors.

Inside - Nothing. The cabinet empty. No sign of Mary or anything else for that matter. It's completely bare.

Despondent, he turns to leave. Freezes on seeing - <u>The chew toy now sat on top of the bed</u>. He stares, perplexed.

Peter steps to the mattress. Picks up the toy, unsure how it got there. And still unsure where his beloved dog is.

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

Frank inspects his recovered gun. Watching a live stream of Abigail asleep in her bed on one of Dean's stolen iPads.

He rummages in his pocket. Plucks from it - The lockbox key given to him by Sandor. Still safely in his possession.

INT. HOTEL BAR - SAME

Peter pours himself a whiskey. Sammy at a window, prying at the sheet metal welded over the frame with a crowbar.

PETER
She never goes missing. Ever.

SAMMY
I'm sure she will come back, Peter. She couldn't have gone far.

He watches Sammy wrestle with the window. Failing miserably.

PETER
You're fighting a lost cause, my dear. You would need a jackhammer to get that metal off the windows.

SAMMY
Do you got any better suggestions?

She strains until TWANG! The crowbar slips free from her grasp to the floor. Sammy resigned, rubs her pained hands.

PETER
Told ya.

Sammy darkens. Joey enters, her slight face gaunt and pale.

PETER (CONT'D)
Ah, Florence Nightingale. How is our guest of honour feeling?

JOEY
She's... She's good. Sleeping after a rough and tumble day.
(to Sammy)
Can I talk with you for a moment in private?

Sammy agrees, leaves with Joey to talk alone. Peter gulps back the brown liquid, curious about the secret meeting.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sammy follows a visibly tense Joey to the fireplace.

SAMMY
What's the matter?

JOEY
Abigail. She told me something, something interesting that I think you really should know.

Joey surveys the foyer. Makes sure the coast is clear.

JOEY (CONT'D)
She told me that Frank admitted to her that he killed Dean.

SAMMY
He told her that?

JOEY
Frank was alone in the room with her before I got there. Abigail told me that he said he was sorry for what he had done. She believes he was talking about killing Dean.

SAMMY
I don't understand. Even if he did, why would he confess to Abigail?

JOEY
I don't know. But she also claims that he told her that he had more killing to do.

Sammy can tell by Joey's face that she's telling the truth.

SAMMY
Okay, we should tell, Peter.

Sammy starts for the hotel bar. Joey stops her with a hand.

JOEY
No, Sammy, wait! Peter, he seems on the level I'll give him that, but he's still a drunken liability. And even if Frank did kill Dean, I still have my doubts about Peter and his volatile nature. He could have done something to Dean too. I'm not sure. But you, I trust you.

SAMMY
Why? What makes me so trustworthy?

Joey swallows hard. Summoning the courage for her next words.

JOEY
Cause I..Cause I know you, Gloria.

Sammy's eyes grow wide on hearing that name. Her real name.

JOEY (CONT'D)
We met once when I was stationed in Baghdad. I was a field medic with -

Like lightning, Sammy grips Joey around the throat, squeezes tightly. Joey wriggles, battling to catch her breath.

SAMMY
(sotto)
Listen to me and listen well. I'm going to ask you questions and you're going to answer truthfully. Cause if you don't, I'll kill you right now. Do you understand me?

Joey pulls on Sammy's hands, trying desperately to break free from her vice-like grip.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Do you understand me, soldier?

Joey rapidly nods. Face turning blue from oxygen deprivation.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Have you told either Frank or Peter that you know my real identity or mentioned my previous life?

Joey swiftly shakes her head. Answering without delay.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Did you know before agreeing to this job that I was on it?

Sammy stares, stern. Joey shakes her head, almost passed out.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
(grave)
Are you fucking with me?

Joey shakes her head, fading fast until - Sammy releases her grasp. Joey gulping in air as if she had been drowning.

JOEY
I'm not. I swear. I didn't know you were a part of this until we met a few months ago. Please, I just need someone I can trust.

Sammy glares at her when in the distance they hear - SMASH!

They turn, alarmed. Sammy moves cautiously to the door, pulls it open to find - Peter, a deer caught in the headlights.

A whiskey bottle shattered at his feet. Listening to the conversation and altercation between the two women.

PETER
You two soldiers playing nice?

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME

Frank's focus firmly fixed on the iPad screen. When in the hallway outside the office - A DARK FIGURE quickly races by.

FRANK
(on his feet, moving)
HEY! WHO IS OUT THERE?

He grabs the gun. Peers out into the empty corridor. Scans charily, nobody there. Not a soul. The place seemingly empty.

IN THE CORRIDOR

All is quiet until - The FIGURE explodes out of the shadows, moving with haste and disappearing around a distant corner.

Frank makes chase. Rounds the corner just in time to see -

The door to the HOTEL SWIMMING POOL gradually clicking shut.

INT. HOTEL BAR - SAME

Peter slices up a lime with a KITCHEN KNIFE. Sammy and Joey in front of him, extremely barbed by his eavesdropping.

PETER
Listen, I don't care a jot about your lives outside of here.

Peter shoots Joey an irritated look.

PETER (CONT'D)
And I'm not even fussed that you think I'm a drunken volatile liability. Not one bit. But there was something discussed in that that little gal pal pow wow you two just had that perked my intrigue before G.I. Jane here decided to choke the air outta your lungs.

He pops a wedge of lime and a splash of gin into the glass.

PETER (CONT'D)
And that’s Frank’s full fledged confession to little Abigail about murdering our boy, Dean.

SAMMY
But why, why tell her? What would he gain by doing that?

PETER
I find it best never to try and apply logic to crazy people.

JOEY
Or maybe he felt guilty and told her because he didn’t think she would ever get the chance to tell anyone his secret?

SAMMY
Are you saying Frank confessed to Abigail because he’s planning to kill her?

PETER
It’s a possibility. Many insane things are when a large amount of cash is involved.

Sammy and Joey absorb this theory. This whole situation spiralling out of control. Paranoia infecting like a virus.

SAMMY
What do you <u>really</u> think is happening here, Peter?

Peter gulps down his drink. Slams the glass on the bar.

PETER
I think a sinister game is being played in this hotel. And that we are all players in it whether we knew we were or not. And the more players that are eliminated from the game, the more the last player standing has to gain.

SAMMY
You think he wants all of the ransom money for himself?

PETER
That’s the 50 million dollar question, is it not? But I’m a gambling man. And if I had to bet my half of the ransom, I'd put it all on Frank being our resident grim reaper.

Sammy quietly registers his remarks. Her mind racing.

SAMMY
Well, there's only one way to know for sure. Let's go ask him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SWIMMING POOL - SAME

Frank circles the pool full of detritus, peers into the shallow end, gun aimed, ready to fire if he has to.

He stalks through the dimly lit area. The DRIP! DRIP! of a leaking pipe the only sound save for Frank's anxious breath.

He stops, looks to the jacuzzi containing Dean's corpse. Tentative, he pads closer, leaning over the rim to see -

Dean's body has vanished. Only a small pool of blood remains.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sammy, Peter and Joey burst in. Ready to question Frank. Peter checks the iPad, Abigail still in her room.

PETER
The kids sleeping on her lonesome.

Sammy spots an ACCOUNTS LEDGER on the floor, picks it up. A name printed on the cover reads: ***"ARCFAX HOLDINGS LTD"***

PETER (CONT'D)
I'm telling you, this Frank fella is as crooked as a fiddlers elbow.

Sammy fans through the aged yellow pages of the ledger containing the hotel's financial figures from years past.

Eyes growing wide as she uncovers surprising information. A name scribbled in a column of the book that reads - ***DEVILLE.***

BACK TO:

INT. SWIMMING POOL - SAME

Frank searches further, gun trembling in his hand when -

CLUNK!

A noise across the room snaps him to attention. Frank trains the gun in the direction the sound came from.

He squints. Struggling to see in the dark as he carefully creeps around the deep end of the rubbish filled pool.

In front of him, lined up against the white tiled wall are THREE ORNATE WARDROBES that loom in the shadows.

He steps to the first one - Whips the door open. It's empty.

Poised for an attack, he shuffles gingerly to the next wardrobe, pulls the door slowly open to reveal -

A rail full of dusty old waiter and doorman uniforms. A smattering of broken umbrellas stacked at the bottom.

Frank, nervous, reaches out. Pushes the gun through the collection of clothes. Deeper and deeper until - CREAK!

The wooden frame of the third wardrobe squeaks loudly. As if something or someone weighty were shifting around inside it.

Frank cautious, pulls the gun back. Steps toward it. Hands shaking, he hesitantly opens the wardrobe doors to find -

Nothing. Not even a speck of lint. Relieved, he steps back towards the second wardrobe when from within the uniforms -

WHOOSH! A black umbrella explodes open, erupting like a tiny mushroom cloud, startling Frank who stumbles backwards.

BANG! He fires an unwieldy shot, loses his balance, tumbles over the lip of the pool, falling rapidly until -

CRASH! He lands painfully on a rusted patio table discarded at the bottom of the deep end. A METAL POLE piercing his leg.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone perks on hearing the commotion.

SAMMY
That came from the pool.

She snaps the ledger shut, slides it onto the desk. All of them bolting towards the source of the commotion.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

The kidnappers rush inside and search the room.

Sammy moves in the direction of the wardrobes. Spots Frank laying motionless on top of the patio table.

SAMMY
OVER HERE!

Sammy swiftly scurries down a ladder, scrambling with care across the junk to an injured Frank groaning in distress.

Joey at the edge of the pool, watches Sammy tend to Frank. Her rattled gaze turning to the open wardrobe behind her.

The waiter and doorman uniforms gently swaying on the rail.

JOEY
Is he alive?

SAMMY
Barely. Peter, where are you?

Peter stares into the jacuzzi where he laid Dean's dead body. Concerned that it is no longer there. Completely disappeared.

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy and Peter carry Frank inside, propping him gently on the chair. Frank winces, the pain in his body tremendous.

SAMMY
What happened in there, Frank?

Joey finds scissors, cuts up Frank's pants leg. Rips them open. A gaping wound in his inner thigh bleeds profusely.

FRANK
There's someone else in this hotel with us. They hid in a wardrobe, got the god damn jump on me.

PETER
Where has Dean's body gone, Frank?

FRANK
I don't know. It was gone before I went in there.

JOEY
(to Peter)
You got any alcohol on you?

Peter shakes his head. Joey waits until he weakens, fishes in his pocket and hands her a miniature bottle of gin.

SAMMY
Did you get a visual?

FRANK
No, it was too dark, but I managed to get a shot off at 'em.

PETER
Got your gun back, did you, Rambo?

Frank goes to reply. Joey pours the gin on the wound. Frank grits his teeth. Grips the chair. Agony rushing up his leg.

JOEY
We need to get out of here. Enough is enough. This place is freaking me out. It don't feel right.

PETER
How? According to Frank here, there's no other way out except for the firmly sealed front door.

Joey wraps her jumper around Frank's leg. Tightens it off.

FRANK
Sandor will be back soon.

PETER
Wise up, Frank. Know when it's time to close the circus down when the ringmaster ain't around to crack the whip.

FRANK
He won't be much longer. We can handle the situation till then.

SAMMY
How about Henry Deville, Frank? Can you handle him?

Frank and Peter freeze, stare at her in stunned silence.

FRANK
What are you talking about?

Sammy holds up the dusty accounts ledger. Shows them.

SAMMY
This here is an accounts ledger once used by this hotel to track payments to and from the firm that owned it before it eventually closed down ten years ago. The name of the firm is Arcfax holdings.

Sammy shows the Deville name printed in the columns of the ledger. Peter and Frank pale. Not what they wanted to see.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
And it would appear that the CEO of Arcfax holdings and thus the owner of the Whitby hotel, is none other than Henry "The Dragon" Deville.

PETER
(to Frank)
Did you know this, Frank? Did Sandor say anything about Deville?

FRANK
I swear, I had no idea he owned this place. Sandor never mentioned a thing.

Joey stands. Looks to them all, perplexed by their worry.

JOEY
I'm sorry, I may be a little lost in the reeds here, but who is this dragon guy and why are you all scared his name was mentioned?

Everyone looks at her. They are terrified. She can feel it.

SAMMY
Henry Deville just happens to be one of the most dangerous gangsters on all of the East coast.

PETER
This guy is like Whitey Bolger and Ted Bundy crossed with a rabid wolverine. Even the dog on the street knows that when you mess with Deville, your days of being alive on this planet are numbered.

JOEY
So, he once owned this hotel, what's that got to do this job? What has it got to do with anything that's happening here, right now?

Ponderous looks are shared by the criminals. Frank spots the live feed from Abigail's room on the iPad. The screen blank.

FRANK
Sammy, look. The girl.

Sammy looks to the screen. Frank tossing her the keys.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 217 - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy rushes into the room. Abigail still restrained to the bed, unmoved. The GoPro shattered to pieces on the floor.

She lightly peels the tape and earphones from Abigail's head.

SAMMY
Was somebody in here with you just now? Did you hear anything strange?

Abigail stares blankly at Sammy. Her sight still adjusting to the light. Ears absorbing the pitch of Sammy's calm voice.

ABIGAIL
I don't know, I'm not sure, sometimes I feel as if there is somebody in here with me when I think I'm alone..I can kind of sense it. You know that feeling?
(beat)
I don't like this place. It feels wrong... It feels bad. It scares me. It scares me so much.

Sammy takes this information in. Gently brushes the young girls tear drenched hair away from her eyes and mouth.

SAMMY
Abigail, I need you to tell me what you know about what is happening here? What is happening with you?

Abigail is unsure if she should speak. Sammy can see this, knows she has to break her number one rule.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
I have a son about your age and I'm sure he would be scared just like you if all of this badness was happening to him. And I'm sorry that it is. Believe me, sweetie. I really am. I wish it wasn't. I wish this never happened. You deserve better than this. And I'm sorry. I'm sorry I did this to you.

Sammy reaches out, hooks her pinky finger around Abigail's finger. A trust forming between adult and child.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
But if you tell me what you know it will just be between us. Nobody else. It will be our little secret, I swear, I pinky promise.

Abigail looks Sammy square in the eye. Smiles a little.

ABIGAIL
You pinky Promise?

Sammy nods in agreement. Abigail acknowledging her solemn word.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I know that someone has died and that someone here murdered them. I know that strange things are happening in this hotel and I know that you brought me here because you all want my daddy's money.
(beat)
I also know he will come for me. For you have made a terrible choice when you abducted me. Cause my daddy can be a really bad man who does really bad things to people. And you all will feel his anger for taking me. That is when you will all pay for your sins, and all you can do, is pray for a quick death.

Sammy digests the little girl's ominous declaration.

SAMMY
Who is your father, Abigail? What is his name?

Abigail glares cold.

ABIGAIL
Something tells me you already know.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

WHAM! A sharp BUTCHER KNIFE is spiked into the top of the wooden bar. Sammy behind it, holding court.

SAMMY
She's Deville's daughter.

Frank darkens. Knowing deep down in his gut this is not good.

PETER
Oh, fuck! We're all dead!

FRANK
(to Sammy)
Are you certain?

Sammy nods. Peter paces frantically, kicks over a bar stool.

PETER
I should have my fucking head examined taking a job when I don't know who the mark is.
(to Frank)
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
You sure you didn't know who she was? Sandor never said anything?

FRANK
No. He never mentioned Deville once. He said she was just some rich guys kid and that the job would go off without a hitch.

PETER
Well, that rich guy, Frank, he's a bloodthirsty maniac. And he will stop at nothing until he gets her back and rips out all of our throats one by one.

Peter slumps in a chair next to the chess board. Joey facing him, considers everything that has happened and is happening.

JOEY
I don't get it. Why would Sandor have us kidnap this guys daughter and then have us keep her in a hotel he owns?

PETER
Cause the son of a bitch Sandor has set us up. He has lured us into the game he wanted us to play.

The gang of kidnappers look to Peter sat at the chessboard sliding 5 pawns forward into their adjacent squares.

PETER (CONT'D)
Think about it, he corralled five professionals together, for what appeared on paper to be a piece of piss job with little to no hassle.

Peter slides the QUEEN in the middle of the pawns.

PETER (CONT'D)
Kidnapping a little girl for an insanely hefty ransom.

Peter pushes the ROOK into the centre of the board.

PETER (CONT'D)
He has us unknowingly bring her to a property owned by her father. A hotel her daddy probably knows like the back of his hand in the dark.

He holds up the BISHOP piece.

PETER (CONT'D)
Then Sandor, probably halfway to Mexico by now, locks us all in here, like rats in a maze, collects all of the ransom and informs Daddy where he can find not just his kidnapped daughter, but the stupid sons of bitches who took her without realising who she was in the first place and who was stupid enough to keep her in a hotel he fucking owns.
(holds up the KING)
Then Deville does what he does best. Sends one of his people or comes personally to make ghosts out the trapped idiots who have dared to piss him off.

Peter topples the board. Pieces scattering onto the floor.

JOEY
That kinda makes sense.

PETER
It all makes sense. Unless of course, Frank here, dived into the pool willingly and made up the story of someone leaping out of the wardrobe like a deranged Mr Tumnus.

FRANK
Why would I do that, Peter?

PETER
Another thought is that maybe Sandor doesn't tell Deville where we are. Sandor already has a guy on the inside cleaning up loose ends.

FRANK
And you think that's me? Is that what you're saying, Einstein?

PETER
I'm saying that if I ever did get my cut of the ransom, I'd put it all on you and Sandor being up to no good since day one on this job.

SAMMY
You mean your "Half of the ransom money" do you not, Peter?

Peter shoots her an incredulous look. The others turn to him.

PETER
Excuse me?

SAMMY
Earlier when you were accusing Frank, you said you would bet "*your half of the ransom*" that he was up to something. I'm no mathematician, but after Sandor took his 25 million he was owed out of the pot, and we all split the remaining 25 mill, five ways. I gather you would have received considerably less than half, am I correct with my figures, Bernie Madoff?

PETER
You have the balls to accuse me -

SAMMY
I'm accusing you of nothing. I know Sandor offered you another deal. A deal that involved murdering all of us so you could get your old altar boy hands on half of that ransom.

Joey and Frank glare at a stupefied Peter, caught red handed.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
I know -

Sammy reaches into her pocket and retrieves - The lockbox key she found earlier on the floor of room 217.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Cause he offered me the same deal.

She tosses the key on top of the bar. *1936* graven on the bow. The shocked kidnappers now turn their addled gaze on her.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
When first recruiting me for this job, Sandor offered me a key for a lockbox where he said I would find half of the ransom if I were willing to kill you all before the job was over. Now whether you want to believe me or not, I had no intention of fulfilling that offer. Now you say he didn't offer you the same deal, Peter. But the problem is, that's not the lockbox key he gave to me. This is.

Sammy tosses onto the bar - <u>Another identical lockbox key</u>.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
So if it's not your key? Whose key is it?

Sammy and Frank eyeball Peter suspiciously. Not trusting the visibly agitated Irishman until eventually;

JOEY
It’s mine.

Joey peers up at the devious group with sorrowful eyes.

JOEY (CONT'D)
He offered me the same deal. I wasn’t going to hurt anyone, I swear to you all-

As Joey talks, Peter fidgets uncomfortably in his chair. The leery eyes and confessions of the others getting to him.

JOEY (CONT'D)
He gave me the key and the choice.

PETER
Jesus wept, alright! The slick asshole offered me the same deal.

Peter takes a similar key from his pocket, hurls it onto the ground with anger.

PETER (CONT'D)
I should have known better.

Frank snickers, delighted with this.

SAMMY
How about you, Frank? Where’s your key?

He looks to Sammy, then to the others waiting for a response.

FRANK
Sorry to disappoint you all, but Sandor didn’t offer me jack squat.

Peter stares at him, sceptical. Not buying it for a second.

SAMMY
Okay, so it would appear Sandor was also creating a deadly vipers nest in the hope we would wipe each other out for the cash.

Frank rises, unsteady on this injured leg.

FRANK
Whatever game he was playing, the rules are about to change. And young Abigail is about to become our way out of this hotel.

Frank limps towards the exit.

SAMMY
What are you going to do, Frank?

It's too late, Frank is gone with haste. Sammy goes to move.

PETER
(standing)
Sammy, wait. I'll go with him. Make sure the girl stays safe.

SAMMY
Remember, she's a pawn in all this, Peter? She's innocent.

PETER
True. But I find that the things that are truly wicked in this world, can start from innocence.

Peter follows after Frank. Joey looks to Sammy for direction.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Frank step inside. Frank hits the button for the 2nd floor. The doors shut, the elevator ascending upwards.

FRANK
I take it you're joining me because you agree that Abigail is our leverage out of this?

Peter, hand tucked in his pocket, keeps his eyes forward.

PETER
Agreeing with you doesn't mean I trust you.

Frank's eyes drift to the panel of buttons where he sees - The button for the FIFTH FLOOR smeared with a bloody print.

PETER (CONT'D)
(oblivious)
Funny that Sandor offered everyone else the deal except you.

Frank drapes his hand over the pistol tucked in his pants.

FRANK
Perhaps he thought I couldn't be bought as easy you.

Peter slowly pulls a KITCHEN KNIFE from his trouser pocket.

PETER
Or perhaps you're so full of crap you’re the type of snake that would rather slither up a tree to tell a lie than stand on the ground to tell any form of truth.

Frank grips his gun. Peter slips the knife by his side. Both men on edge, both men about to strike just as - DING!

The elevator stops. The metal doors glide open. Peter steps off, makes his way up the hallway. Frank staying put.

PETER (CONT'D)
(walking away)
And my instincts tell me you’re the latter.

FRANK
You know what, you go on ahead. I got something I need to do first.
(tosses Peter the keys)
And so you know, Peter. I don’t give a fuck what you think.

Frank strikes the button to the 5th floor. Peter grimaces as the doors shut, leaving him alone in the darkened corridor.

BACK IN THE ELEVATOR GOING UP

Frank bends, picks from the floor under the elevator panel -

A familiar **GOLD POCKET WATCH** flecked with fresh blood.

INT. SWIMMING POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy and Joey, knives in hand, step fast around the pool.

JOEY
Do you trust Frank and Peter not to harm Abigail?

SAMMY
I think after our recent backstabbers anonymous meeting, trust isn't exactly high on the agenda. But checking the hell out of this hotel should be.

Sammy stops at the wardrobe full of old waiter uniforms.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Frank said his attacker was hiding in a wardrobe, yeah?
(off Joey’s nod)
(MORE)

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Then if that’s true, where did they go? There’s no other exit out of here and someone would have passed us when we all rushed in here after hearing Franks shot. Which means there could be another way out of this room that we don’t know about. A door we may have missed.

Sammy peers into the wardrobe and spreads the collection of waiter uniforms on the rail aside to discover -

A BLOODY HANDPRINT smudged on the back wooden panel.

She investigates, pushes hard on the panel until CLICK! It opens inwards revealing - A DARK OMINOUS VOID. A passageway.

JOEY
Something in my gut tells me that don’t lead to Narnia.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM 217 - CONTINUOUS

Peter enters, beholds Abigail stirring on the bed. He locks the door behind him. Turns to face the frightened ballerina.

ABIGAIL
What’s happening? Is this all over?

He swiftly moves to her, begins unlocking her from the cuffs.

PETER
It is. I’m bringing you home to daddy. You’re safe with me.

Abigail looks up at him. Eyes wide like an overjoyed puppy. Peter silent. Frees her grazed wrists from her metal binds.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - SAME

Frank, gun aimed, steps warily down the hallway, following a trail of fresh blood on the carpet to a nearby bedroom.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR BEDROOM - SAME

Frank steps in, amazed to see that the bedroom is not a bedroom at all, but a converted makeshift office space.

A bank of monitors splayed on the wall, each displaying a secret feed from hidden cameras dotted about the hotel.

The bedrooms. The swimming pool. The kitchen. Even Abigail's room where we see a freed little girl and a frenetic Peter.

BACK TO:

INT. ROOM 217 - SAME

Peter walks to the door. Slides the key back into the lock.

PETER
It's going to be okay, I'm going to make this better. I'm a good man.

He twists the key in the lock. When from behind he hears;

YOUNG BOSTON KIDS VOICE
Is that not what you used to say to those altar boy's, Father?

Peter stops dead. Disturbed by the bizarre unexpected voice. He slowly relocks the door. Spins to see -

Abigail still on the bed, rubbing her pained wrists.

PETER
What did you just say to me?

She looks to him, perplexed by his odd question.

ABIGAIL
I didn't say anything.

Peter slips his hand in his pocket. Retrieves his knife.

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY - SAME

A cramped area no bigger than 2 meters wide lit by hanging lanterns. A dark tunnel hidden within the walls of the hotel.

Sammy and Joey wriggle through.

SAMMY
It seems to run the length of the entire hotel. End to end.

They reach a dead end. Sammy finding a ladder leading to the second floor. And every other floor of the hotel after that.

All the way up to the top of the building.

BACK TO ROOM 217

Peter looms over Abigail. A look of horror on his face.

PETER
How did you know I was a priest?

ABIGAIL
I didn't..I don't know what -

As quick as a flash, he presses the blade to her throat.

PETER
Who told you about the altar boys?

Abigail panicked. Breathes heavy. Peter not playing around.

ABIGAIL
What altar boys? What are you talking about?

PETER
Don't mock me, child!!

CUT TO:

INT. FIFTH FLOOR BEDROOM - SAME

Frank surveys a series of files scattered on top of a desk. The name **"FRANK"** printed on one. He flips it open to find -

A plethora of personal documents. Birth Certificate. Dental records. Foreclosure notices on a house. Everything you wanted to know about Frank, real name COLIN COSTIGAN.

He leafs through the pages, hesitating on - A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS taken on a long lens.

Frank, in a cop uniform, drinking in a bar. Frank despondent at the dog track. Frank in a brothel next to a prostitute doing coke. And finally, the last photograph in the pile -

A loving family photograph of Frank with his WIFE and two young children, six and ten, on a fun-filled summer holiday.

Frank's eyeballs bulge wide when from underneath the desk - a BLOODIED HAND grabs his leg. Frank jolts, backs up to see -

Sandor clutching an umbrella in the foetal position, bleeding heavily from a fatal gunshot wound to his stomach.

BACK TO ROOM 217

Peter enraged, grips Abigail by the hair. Slides the tip of the blade inside her nostril.

PETER
I'm warning you, tell me what you know about me. TELL ME NOW!!

Abigail swallows back her fear.

ABIGAIL
I know that you're a bad man who has done shameful things. And sinners like you, they get what they deserve. They pay for all the deplorable things they have done.
(beat)
So you threaten me all you want. But it will not save your rancid soul from your damnation.

BACK TO (FIFTH FLOOR BEDROOM) SANDOR'S OFFICE

Frank hurtles Sandor into a chair. Jams the gun to his head.

FRANK
Do you think you could double-cross me, cock sucker? Offering the others the same deal?

SANDOR
(coughing up blood)
When you make a deal with the devil to do devilish things, you can't be that surprised when you get burnt.

BACK TO ROOM 217

PETER
You think you're so clever. But you're not out of the woods yet.

Abigail snarls. Snapping back in a deep authoritative tone.

ABIGAIL
EITHER ARE YOU!!!!!

Peter shocked by her vitriol, drops the knife on the floor.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
For death is coming for you. Cause you have messed with the wrong family.

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

FRANK
I want out of this hotel and I want what's owed to me. Every dollar.

Sandor laughs painfully. Lungs filling with fluid.

SANDOR
There was never any money. You are here because Deville wanted you here. Your entrapment in this hotel was designed carefully for a particular purpose.

Frank cocks the pistol. Slides it under Sandor's chin.

FRANK
I don't give seven shades of liquid horse shit what was designed. I kidnapped that girl and you tried to screw me and get me killed. So either I get my money or you get a bullet in your fat skull. What's it going to be asshole?

BACK IN ROOM 217

Peter hunkers, retrieves his blade. Freezes on noticing a bright pink dog collar sticking out from under the bed.

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

Sandor spits. Frank glaring at him with disdain.

SANDOR
You sad fool, your purpose here was never about abducting Abigail -

BACK TO:

BACK IN ROOM 217

Peter lowers himself, peers under the frill of the bedsheet.

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

SANDOR
Your purpose here is to die.

BACK TO ROOM 217

Peter's face contorts on seeing MARY'S CORPSE underneath. The poor pooch gutted like a fish. Her intestines spilling out.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)
I will say a prayer for you -

Peter quickly rises to behold - Abigail standing upright on the bed. Cuffs in her hands. Determination in her eye.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Cause you’re going to need one.

Without warning, Abigail SLASHES Peter across the face with the metal cuffs sending him crumbling to the floor.

She leaps from the bed, over Peter. Dashes fast to the door. Her quivering hands unable to turn the key in the lock.

Peter touches his face. A deep wound embedded in his flesh

PETER
GET BACK HERE, YOU BITCH!

CLICK! The key turns and Abigail frantically escapes into -

INT. SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She races to the elevator. Repeatedly hits the “call” button over and over. The elevator whirs, descending slowly above.

PETER
ABIGAIL!!!

She peers over her shoulder to see - Peter barging out of the room, striding up the corridor towards her. Infuriated.

The elevator finally arrives and DING! The doors open.

Abigail scurries in. Strikes the door-close button furiously.

IN THE HALLWAY

Peter, knife gripped tight, advances. Sights set on his prey.

BACK IN THE HOTEL ELEVATOR

Abigail, frantic, beats the button with her little fist. But still, it won’t close.

She looks to the buttons, then to Peter a few feet away. The doors slide shut just as - Peter manages to squeeze inside.

Abigail, scared, backs into the corner. Peter trapping her in the elevator as it begins rising upwards.

PETER
You’re going to regret that, so help me God you will!

ABIGAIL
God? I'm afraid God has abandoned us, Father.

Peter, vexed, raises the knife, lunges at the Abigail as we -

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Abigail's screams reverberate from inside the elevator shaft. We SLOWLY PULL BACK along the hall and glide back into -

INT. ROOM 217 - SAME

CREAK! A wardrobe door slowly opens. Sammy cautiously peeks her head out. Making sure it's safe to exit.

SAMMY
Son of a bitch!

She steps out with Joey. Both stunned to see where they are.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Where's Abigail?

Sammy spies Mary's pink collar poking out from under the bed.

JOEY
Where did everyone go?

Sammy moves to the bed, hoists the frill of the bedsheet to behold - Mary's rictus corpse staring back at her.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sandor struggles to breathe. On the brink of death. Frank stands over him, considering the next course of action.

FRANK
You don't get to die, not yet.

SANDOR
I'm afraid we don't have a choice in that matter.

WHACK! Frank cold cocks Sandor square in the jaw. Sandor falls out of the chair to the ground, groaning in torment.

FRANK
You got me into this mess, you're getting me out of it. With pay.

Sandor spies his umbrella on the floor a few inches away. A bullet hole in the black rainproof fabric from Frank's shot.

EXT. SECOND FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Joey calls the elevator. It stays on an upper floor. Unmoved.

SAMMY
Let’s take the stairs down.

INT. SANDOR’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Frank paces, distraught. Sandor slumped on the ground. Not moving a single muscle or expelling a single breath.

FRANK
You think it’s funny having pictures of my family, Huh? Spying on me you son of a bitch.

He stops pacing, realizes Sandor hasn't moved in some time.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Get up!

Sandor unresponsive.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I said, get up!

Frank rolls Sandor onto his back when SMACK! Sandor rams the tip of the umbrella forcefully into Frank’s throat.

Frank stumbles backwards, the gun falling from his grasp.

Sandor rises, swings the umbrella, the oak handle smashing hard into Frank’s face sending him tumbling over the desk.

Sandor, using the umbrella as a crutch, makes to flee.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Joey race downstairs. DING! They stop in their tracks. The elevator arriving in the foyer.

The metal doors slide open to reveal - Carnage. Blood sprayed across the four walls, but no sign of Peter. Or Abigail.

SAMMY
Wait here. Keep your eyes peeled.

Sammy pads tactfully towards the elevator.

Joey watches Sammy investigate, unaware that behind her, a SHUFFLING FIGURE is slowly coming down the staircase.

Sammy digests the scene. The small lift a massacre. And in the middle, in a puddle of blood - Peter’s kitchen knife.

Beside it, Abigail's ballet shoes soaked with crimson red.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
What did you do to her, Peter?

Joey stares when WHACK! Sandor hits her across the back of the head with the umbrella, knocking her clean off her feet.

Sammy turns sharp, spies Sandor limping towards the bar. When from the top of the stairs, Frank appears, his gun aimed and -

BLAM! A bullet explodes into Sandor's shoulder sending him flopping to the floor like a puppet cut from its strings.

Frank hobbles to the injured man. Ready to finish him off.

FRANK
It's him. Deville had him bring us here for some sort of sick game.

Sandor rolls onto his back. Coughing up even more blood.

FRANK (CONT'D)
He's the fucking killer.

SANDOR
I'm nothing more than an errand boy. And not by choice. If I didn't do this, bring you all here, my family would have been slaughtered.

Sammy steps to Sandor. Regards him wrestling for his life.

SAMMY
(to Frank)
Where's Peter and Abigail?

FRANK
I don't know. They not in her room?

SANDOR
Oh, if you only knew how strange is the reason why we are all here. You wouldn't believe what I could tell you.

FRANK
Fuck you and your riddles.

Frank points the gun at Sandor's head. Wanting to end this.

SAMMY
No, Frank. He could still be useful to us.

Frank keeps aim, hands shaking with fury. Sammy kneels beside Sandor, observes the bullet holes in his body.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
You got a slug in the shoulder and one in the belly which means you won't last much longer without medical attention. So, you got a choice, you either live another day by telling us how to get out of here, or you die for being loyal to the maniac who has put you in this position. What is it going to be? Life or death?

SANDOR
Even if I did get us out of here, we won't survive. We are dealing with an unstoppable monster.

SAMMY
Why? What is the true purpose of bringing us all here like this?

Sandor, struggling, clasps Sammy's hand in his. Tight.

SANDOR
You are here, all of you, to be sacrificed.

SAMMY
What do you mean, sacrificed? Sacrificed for what?

Sandor smirks. Joey, rubbing her head, steps next to Frank.

SANDOR
The Deville lineage has been forsaken by God. To appease a bargain made with Satan, it is required from all of you what is shared by kings and peasants alike.

Frank grits his teeth. Desperate to squeeze the trigger.

SANDOR (CONT'D)
Which unfortunately means none of you will leave this hotel alive.

He looks Sammy directly in the eyes with a grave demeanour.

SANDOR (CONT'D)
And because of my failure to play my part correctly, neither will I.

Sandor pushes Sammy aside, sits up, ramrod straight, grabs Frank's hand, quickly forcing the gun barrel into his mouth.

SAMMY
SANDOR! NO!

He pulls the trigger. BOOM! The back of his skull explodes.

They all stare in disbelief. Sandor's lifeless body slumps to the floor. Brain and blood oozing out of his open cranium.

JOEY
Oh my god! Oh my -

Joey covers her mouth in shock. Sammy gawks at a lifeless Sandor as she rises to her feet. Covered in his blood.

FRANK
You saw that?! You saw what he did?

Frank aghast, looks at the bloody pistol still in his hand, fumbling for the words to rationalize what just occurred.

FRANK (CONT'D)
He...He..pulled the trigger.

SAMMY
We need to find Peter and the girl.

FRANK
Why did he do that? Why did he -

SAMMY
(steely)
Frank. Listen to me.

Frank snaps back to reality. A horrible blood-soaked reality.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
We need to find Abigail. She <u>is</u> our way out of all this. We need her.

They lock eyes. Frank still lost in a chaotic blur as we -

CUT TO:

INT. SANDOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Frank, Joey and Sammy study the bank of monitors. Sandor's "eyes" in the sky for the entire time they have been here.

SAMMY
Sandor was watching us the whole time. And with the passageway's we found he could move about the hotel without us ever even detecting him.

FRANK
These cameras cover every floor of the hotel and a few of the rooms. If Abigail or Peter raise their heads, we should see them.

JOEY
What about the blood in the elevator? Do you think Peter hurt Abigail?

Sammy absorbs her concerns.

SAMMY
Can we rewind any of the footage? Maybe we can see where they went?

FRANK
There are no controls here. No dials for recording. It’s just the live feed on the monitors.

Sammy looks to the desk. Spies a WHITE PLASTIC KEYCARD amongst the files. She grabs it. Studies it for a beat.

JOEY
If we find Abigail, and she’s still alive, how are we going to use her to get out of here?

As she pockets the card, Sammy notices A PHOTOGRAPH OF PETER WEARING A PRIEST’S CASSOCK with the name “FR. CASEY” on it.

SAMMY
Because someone will come for her.

They look to Sammy. A hopeful plan sparking in her brain.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
If Deville is truly the man behind the curtain, he most likely was planning on having Sandor bring her back home when whatever this is ended. When Sandor doesn’t arrive home with her, Deville will think the worst and someone, maybe even the man himself will come looking to make sure she’s still peachy.

FRANK
Once he comes, we can use her as a bargaining chip for a safe passage.

JOEY
But what if nobody comes for her? What if he wants her here?

SAMMY
We’re in the middle of a shit storm and the only umbrella we have to hand is that girl. Let’s pray he wants her back.

The group eye the many monitors flickering on the wall as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SANDOR'S OFFICE - MUCH LATER

Frank sits in a chair, eyes darting from screen to screen.

Sammy sifts through her file and finds - a photograph of herself in fatigues, posing with her army squadron in Iraq.

JOEY
(reading her file)
My whole life is in here. They know every little thing about me. Every job I pulled. My mom's social security. My deployment history.

SAMMY
They studied us. Lured us in by knowing our wants and our needs.

JOEY
You mean the money?

SAMMY
Well, we are nefarious people who do nefarious deeds for a payday. And when people like us go missing, nobody really asks why. It kinda just comes with the territory.

JOEY
I still don't get why he is doing this? And the guy must be a different class of bastard to use his own daughter to get us here like this.

SAMMY
It's like Peter said, never try to apply logic to a crazy person.
(beat)
Or maybe this is our front row seat in hell.

JOEY
(puzzled)
What does that mean?

SAMMY
It was a phrase my squadron adopted in Iraq when trying to rationalize why we were stuck in the middle of the fucking desert evading gunfire thousands of miles away from home.
(MORE)

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Each of us would say that we were there for the reprehensible things we did in our lives. That it was our punishment for our past sins. Our front seat in hell.

Joey registers her words. As does Frank sitting quietly.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Maybe this is my front row seat because I agreed to kidnap a scared child in an attempt to save my own kid from a condition he can't seem to beat no matter how much money I or the hospitals throw at it.

Joey peers down at her thick file.

JOEY
At least your reason for being here is honourable. You're trying to save your kid's life, I agreed to this for good ole fashioned greed.

SAMMY
What about your mom's house destroyed by the storm in Tucson?

JOEY
You mean my mom's trailer in Tucson. In all honesty, that thing is a rusted crud bucket that needs to be condemned by the county. And to be fair, the only thing the storm destroyed was a satellite dish that's been on the roof since Bill Clinton was elected president.

Sammy cracks a smile. Enjoying Joey's truth.

JOEY (CONT'D)
No, I now use the skills the United States Medical Corp gave me to do bad things for bad people in return for large sums of cash to do what I do. I guess you could say that makes me some kind of monster.

SAMMY
I think we all are, but what type of monsters we want to be going forward is entirely up to us.

Joey drinks this in. Her words filling her with hollow hope.

Frank listens as he stares transfixed on the screens in front of him. WHEN ON A HALLWAY CAMERA HE SEES:

A person sprinting by with cheetah-like speed.

FRANK
Got something. On the floor below us.

SAMMY
Peter or the girl?

Sammy pushes quickly to her feet, snatches Peter's walkie talkies from the desk. Hands Joey one.

FRANK
It was too fast. But we better move.

Sammy and Frank start for the door.

SAMMY
(to Joey)
Stay here and keep us posted if you see anything. And no matter what, keep that door locked.

Sammy exits with Frank. Joey grabs a chair, wedges it under the door handle. She sighs deeply, apprehensive.

CUT TO:

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy and Frank troop down the hall. Sammy, knife gripped tight in her hand. Frank, gun in his. Their eyes peeled.

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

Joey watches Sammy and Frank on the screen advancing down the long dark corridor. Bedroom doors on either side.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Frank keep moving until - CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK!

A flapping bedroom door attracts their attention.

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

Joey glances from screen to screen. Searching for activity.

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Frank hesitantly pushes the door open, steps into the room. Checks his corners like a pro. Sammy taking up the rear.

The opulent room is dark and desolate. Large sheets of metal on the broken windows blocking out day or night outside.

SAMMY (INTO WALKIE)
Anything yet?

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

Joey rapidly scans the monitors for any movement at all.

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sammy studies an old baby's crib laden with cobwebs and dust.

JOEY (ON WALKIE)
Still nothing.

Frank SNAPS his fingers. Points to an en-suite door. Droplets of fresh blood trickling from the brass handle.

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

The office eerily silent until - SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

JOEY (INTO RADIO)
Sammy, I hear something.

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - CONTINUOUS

The radio hisses. Joey's voice crackles through the walkie. Her words indistinguishable and broken through the airwaves.

Sammy goes to reply. Frank places his finger to his lips, signalling her to remain quiet. He raises the pistol.

Reaches slowly for the bloody door handle and like a flash -

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - EN SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Frank bursts in, surveys the large empty bathroom.

He pops his head back out, beckons Sammy to follow him. She cautiously enters, surveys the grime filled space until -

Her gaze lands on A DIRT SMEARED DUVET discarded in the bathtub. A bulky shape laying underneath. *LOOKS LIKE A BODY.*

She motions to Frank. He nods, slowly moves towards it.

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

The SCRATCHING grows louder and louder beyond the door. Joey, frightened, holds the walkie close to her mouth.

JOEY (INTO WALKIE)
Sammy, someone is scratching at the door.

BACK TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - EN SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Frank steps cautiously to the tub. Sammy watching, on edge. Holding the call button down. The walkie silent in her hand.

Frank reaches out, fingertips away from the duvet.

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

Joey steps to the door. Pulls away the chair wedged tightly under the handle. Pressing her ear against the wooden frame.

Suddenly - The scratching halts abruptly. Joey intrigued, places her hand on the door handle. Contemplates opening.

BACK TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - EN SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Frank clutches the filthy duvet, rips it away to reveal - Nothing but discarded hotel pillows bursting with feathers.

He turns, shrugs with confusion at Sammy when from beside her head - VUMP! A bloody hand strikes a glass shower door.

She jolts, startled. Frank the same, his heart in his mouth.

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

Joey thinks better of it, pulls her hand away. Pushes the chair back under the handle. Returns to the bank of monitors.

BACK TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - EN SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sammy reaches for the shower door handle. Frank beside her, raw nerved, his gun aimed. Finger precarious on the trigger.

They share a nervous look and in one swift motion, she whips the door wide open to discover -

Peter, drenched in dark red blood, clinging to his life.

PETER
Help me! Please god! Help me!

SAMMY
Jesus Christ!
(into walkie)
Joey, we found Peter.

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

The walkie crackles in her hand. Sammy's voice breaking up.

JOEY (INTO RADIO)
Say again.

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Frank carries Peter to the bed. Crimson blood spews from multiple wounds on his neck. A man not long for the world.

SAMMY (INTO WALKIE)
It's Peter. We found him -

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

SAMMY (ON WALKIE)
....Injured...blood....don't move.

Joey shakes her head. Agitated. Hits the button once more.

JOEY (INTO WALKIE)
Say again, Sammy.

There's no response. Nothing but the razz of white noise.

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sammy grabs a pillowcase, applies pressure to the wounds. The white fabric instantly bleeding red.

FRANK
What happened, Peter?

PETER
Abigail.... I attacked her.

CUT TO:

BACK IN SANDOR'S OFFICE

Joey looks to the monitors and spies - Abigail behind the HOTEL BAR, hands cuffed behind her back, motionless.

JOEY (INTO WALKIE)
Sammy, I can see Abigail! She is in the bar! I repeat, she is in the bar!!

Still nothing but static. The walkies too far out of range.

JOEY (INTO WALKIE) (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?! Sammy?!

Nobody returns her calls. Joey considers what to do.

She snatches her medical bag from the desk, drags the chair from beneath the handle, bolts outside without caution.

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Peter, gurgling blood. His carmine face a picture of dread.

PETER
She managed to get my knife from me...stabbed me in the neck...over and over.

SAMMY
How could she do this to you? She's just a little girl, Peter.

He grips Sammy by her arm, pulls her in close.

PETER
No. She is something more.....Something we could never expect...She is...She is..wicked.

Peter's eyes grow wide, his last breath escaping his body. His grip falling limp, releasing Sammy's arm as he dies.

FRANK
Peter?! Peter?! Wake up!

Frank grabs his wrist, checks for a pulse.

FRANK (CONT'D)
He's dead, Sammy. He's a goner.

Sammy stares at Peter's tormented face and listless eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ! How could she do this to him? What is this kid?

Suddenly, the walkie abruptly erupts. Joey's voice booms.

JOEY (ON WALKIE)
I found her, Sammy! I found her!

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - SECONDS LATER

Joey rounds the bar to find Abigail passed out on the ground. Eyes closed. The front of her tutu sopping wet with blood.

JOEY
Abigail, can you hear me?

She scoops Abigail up, lays her gently on top of the bar.

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sammy, fearful, holds down the call button on the walkie.

SAMMY (INTO WALKIE)
Joey, where are you?

JOEY (ON WALKIE)
I'm with Abigail in the bar. She's unconscious and bleeding heavily, but she's alive.

Frank shoots Sammy a concerned glance. This is not good.

SAMMY (INTO WALKIE)
Joey, stay away from her! Get out of there! Get out, now!

INT. HOTEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joey rips open the ballerina's dress. Searching for the source of the bleed.

SAMMY (ON WALKIE)
Get out of there, now!

Joey grimaces. Doesn't understand the cause for concern.

JOEY (INTO WALKIE)
She's bleeding, Sammy. I have to help her or she could die.

CLOSE ON ABIGAIL'S HANDS AS: Her index finger curls around the steel rim of the handcuffs. Probing.

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Sammy lowers the walkie. Knows Joey is in imminent danger.

SAMMY
GOD DAMN IT!!!

Sammy moves for the exit. Frank not far behind her.

SAMMY (INTO WALKIE) (CONT'D)
She's not bleeding, Joey. It's not her blood.

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joey's eyes narrow, perplexed. Unable to find a wound at all.

JOEY (INTO WALKIE)
What are you talking about?

CLOSE ON ABIGAIL'S HANDS: Her fingernail flicks a tiny switch, the handcuff unfurling from around her wrists.

Abigail able to free herself with ease. Always has been able.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Frank dash down the stairs.

SAMMY (INTO WALKIE)
IT'S PETER'S BLOOD!!!

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR - CONTINUOUS

Joey pales immediately, the walkie tumbling from her grasp.

SAMMY (ON WALKIE)
(distant)
Joey?! Joey?! Get out!

She slides her hand into her bag, retrieves the small case containing the syringe full of liquid from the abduction.

Joey stares at the unflinching Abigail as CLICK! She opens the case and removes the full hypodermic from inside.

Abigail placid on the bar. Her angelic eyes still shut tight.

Joey, shaking with fear, grips the needle. Raises it high, about to plunge into Abigail's neck when out of nowhere -

Abigail’s hand lashes out, gripping Joey around the neck.

Her eyes shoot open. Face now warped in a sinister grimace.

Tortured yet savage. Her glinting eyes laser focused on the staggering prey in her grasp.

ABIGAIL
Oh, what an amusing game we have been playing.

Joey struggles to scream. Abigail’s razor sharp fingernails drawing blood from the flesh around Joey’s throat.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
But all good games must come to an end. And someone has to lose.

Joey, petrified, reaches frantically for a weapon, finds Peter’s empty whiskey bottle left idle on the bar and -

SMASH!

She cracks it over Abigail's head. Glass shatters. The little ballerina loosens her grip, growls in annoyance.

Joey doesn’t wait, she runs for her life. Sprinting as fast as her legs can take her towards the exit when at once -

Abigail rolls off the bar, landing upright on her feet. She charges with speed, tackling Joey to the floor. Hard.

Abigail SLASHES wildly, ripping Joey’s flesh from her chest.

Joey flails, stabs the needle full to the brim with liquid towards Abigail’s rosy red cheek.

Abigail swipes it away. The needle SMASHING off the wall.

Joey spots the metal crowbar on the floor, grabs it and with one big swing SMACK! She bludgeons Abigail in the face.

Abigail doesn’t react. The crowbar having no effect at all.

Roaring in pain, Joey swings again. SMACK! And again - SMACK! Cold hard steel making impact with Abigail’s tender face.

Until finally, with one last heaving blow - CRUNCH!

Abigail crumbles off Joey. Joey scrambles to her feet, blood streaming down her torso, escaping as quick as she can into -

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

She bolts across the room, fear pumping through her body. Glancing back over her shoulder just in time to see -

Abigail making chase, on all fours, gaining speed. She leaps into the air, defying gravity, crashing onto Joey's back.

Her knees buckle. The manic child opening her mouth wide.

Ramming her teeth deep into Joey's jugular. Blood spurts as Abigail begins brutally gnawing on muscle and ligament.

Chewing on her flesh like a crazed carnivorous animal.

The young girl in the midst of a cannibalistic blood-spewing feeding frenzy. Joey is hapless in her grasp.

Footsteps approach. Abigail releases Joey, throwing her hands up to the sky in surrender just as -

Sammy and Frank rush inside. Horrified by what they see.

ABIGAIL
(playing innocent)
Help! Please! I had to defend myself, she was trying to kill me.

Sammy quickly moves to Joey, rests her on a chair. Examines her deep wounds. The skin on her neck mangled and torn.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
You have to believe me, please. I didn't want to hurt her. I promise.
(looks to Sammy)
I pinky promise.

FRANK
Promise all you want, kid.

Frank aims the gun at Abigail. Sammy noticing.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(about to shoot)
Cause I ain't buying your bullshit.

He half squeezes the trigger just as - A KNIFE appears over his throat. Sammy beside him, ready to slice it wide open.

SAMMY
Drop it or I drop you, Frank.

Frank stunned. Side eyes Sammy in utter confusion.

FRANK
What the fuck are you doing?

SAMMY
I can't let you shoot her, Frank.

FRANK
Are you out of your mind? You saw what she just did. She's crazy.

SAMMY
She’s a scared little girl, Frank. She needs help, not a bullet.

FRANK
She needs to die.

Sammy presses the blade harder, drawing a trickle of blood. Abigail watches the standoff. Interested in how it will go.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You’re a soldier, you don’t get to be conflicted. You do your job. You kill a hostile enemy.

SAMMY
And you’re not her judge, jury and executioner, Frank.

Sammy stares him down. Ice cold. Frank finally relents, lowers the gun by his side. Abigail sighing with relief.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
You won’t regret it. I promise.

Sammy retracts the knife. Satisfied with his decision.

FRANK
You’re right, I won’t regret it.

BLAM! BLAM! He shoots two bullets into Abigail’s chest. The tiny ballerina crashing to the cold ground. Dead.

Sammy, vexed, jabs the knife at his gut. Frank standing firm.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It had to be done. You heard Peter. You saw what she did to Joey.

Sammy burns with rage. Twists the knife a little.

SAMMY
She’s a child

FRANK
She’s a killer.

SAMMY
She was terrified, trying to survive, she didn’t deserve death.

FRANK
And neither do we.

Sammy smoulders as she eyes Abigail’s corpse on the floor. She pulls the blade away, returns to Joey on the chair.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It was her or us, Sammy. It had to be done. It needed to be done.
(mock blessing himself)
My condolences to the recently fucking departed.

Frank spins on his heels to see - Abigail back on her feet in front of him, alive and well. The bullets not killing her.

In one quick motion, Abigail scales Frank's body like a spider, driving elongated sharpened fangs deep into his neck.

This sweet innocent girl in a tutu - ***A MOTHERFUCKING VAMPIRE.***

Frank hollers. Sammy rises, locking eyes with the little girl drinking down Frank's blood. Feeding deeply on him.

Sammy frozen, unsure how to react until - she rapidly moves to the ferocious child, slices her cheek with the knife.

An ear piercing scream erupts from Abigail's lungs. Sammy backs away with the blade, regrets what she had to do.

Abigail leaps off of Frank and like lightning, runs away.

BOOM! BOOM! Frank fires the gun. His aim unsteady.

Completely missing Abigail as she barges through the set of swinging doors that lead into the kitchen.

Frank checks the bite. Abigail's fangs leaving behind two deep pin-shaped holes in the side of his neck.

He exchanges a "what the fuck" look with Sammy as we -

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy secures Joey gently in the corner of the room, her breathing shallow, losing her battle to stay alive.

Frank topples a metal filing cabinet in front of the door, a rough-and-ready barricade to stop it from opening inwards.

To stop Abigail from getting inside and finishing him off.

FRANK
(furious, to Sammy)
I told you, I told you, you should have let me fucking kill her.

SAMMY
You did kill her, Frank. But she didn't die.

Sammy notices the files spilling from the toppled cabinet. Considers. An idea igniting in her mind.

She begins rummaging through the other metal cabinets. Pulls out a handful of old paperwork and documents. Scans them.

FRANK
(in pain)
I should have put a bullet in her fucking head.
(Re: Sammy searching)
What are you doing?

SAMMY
Looking for a way out of this hell hole once and for all.

FRANK
I thought we were waiting for Deville to come and get her?

She shoots him an indignant look.

SAMMY
If you want to wait, by all means, wait. But by the looks of it, Abigail can damn well handle herself and Joey badly needs to get to a hospital before she bleeds to death.

Frank's eyes drift to Joey, a bloody mess in the corner.

FRANK
What exactly are you looking for?

Sammy dips into her pocket, pulls out THE ELECTRONIC KEYCARD she found earlier in Sandor's makeshift office space.

SAMMY
I found this in Sandor's office earlier. It's a swipe key for an electronic lock.

FRANK
There are no electronic door locks in this hotel.

SAMMY
(scanning the pages)
That we know about yet.

Frank thinks, jumps to action, rips page after page of paper from the cabinets, glances over them. Sammy doing the same.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - SAME

Sandor's corpse lays in a lake of his own blood. Skull fragments scattered across the marble floor of the foyer.

Abigail sits beside him, swishing her fingers in his blood, humming an ominous tune. (The theme from Swan Lake).

ABIGAIL
You served your purpose well. And to think, I might have even let you and your family live...Oh, well!!

She licks her fingers. Smiles with gluttonous delight.

BACK TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy flips through large sheets of paper until -

SAMMY
I got something. An evacuation plan for the hotel.

She splays A LARGE MAP of the entire hotel onto the desk.

FRANK
Check the fire exits. Every floor of a hotel should have a fire exit, maybe there's one we didn't see along the way.

Sammy traces her finger along the structure of the building on the map. Her brow furrows, confounded yet intrigued.

SAMMY
How many floors has this hotel?

FRANK
Six.

SAMMY
I counted six too. But this map shows seven floors.

Sammy flips the page to an OLDER VERSION OF THE MAP. Points to the top floor of the structure - A SEVENTH FLOOR hidden in the plans.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Here, at the top, it's an old penthouse apartment they converted into attic space decades ago.

She moves her finger to the edge of the map to see - A FIRE EXIT DOOR leading out of the large penthouse.

A METAL FIRE ESCAPE attached to the side of the building that ascends to the hotel parking lot below.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
According to this, there should be a fire escape in the penthouse that leads to the parking lot outside.

FRANK
But what about Abigail? I only got a few bullets left and we're out in the open if we go for the stairs or the elevator.

Sammy contemplates.

SAMMY
There's another way. But it involves going through Narnia.

Frank eyes her deep. Confused by her bizarre words.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Abigail observes the plethora of screens. Rubbing the slice mark on her cheek made by Sammy's knife.

Her fiendish glare transfixed on the remaining abductors waiting in the manager's office.

She cackles to herself. Excited for the upcoming hunt.

INT. CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Frank steps out of the office. Scans the dimly lit hallway. Checking the coast is clear. His head on a swivel.

He beckons to Sammy to follow. She moves out to him, carrying a limp and ashen Joey over her shoulders.

FRANK
Let's go.

They move nimble and silent to the end of the hallway. Frank pivots his head around the corner -

The door to the swimming pool meters away. The pathway free.

He motions for Sammy to go and they pace swiftly into -

INT. SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

They tread alongside the pool where they come to the open wardrobe, the dark void of the passageway looming inside.

FRANK
(soft/nervous)
We're going in there?

SAMMY
Bingo!

Sammy lays Joey down on the floor, drags her into the wardrobe by her arms. Frank waits a moment, unconvinced.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Grab her feet, Frank. Let's go.

Frank fearful. Slides the pistol into his waistband. Grips Joey by the legs as they disappear inside -

INT. SECRET PASSAGEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

They struggle to squeeze through the tight space. Dust cascading down around them. Swirling and blinding.

Frank stops. Hearing a noise behind - A LOW RUMBLING GROWL.

SAMMY
(hushed)
What is it?

He peers over his shoulder at the gloom. Nothing there.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
We have to keep moving, Frank. She won't last much longer.

Frank nods. They shuffle onwards, coming to a stop at the ladder. Frank looks back. Still nothing there. Just darkness.

He peers up the length of the ladder that reaches to the sixth floor, passing all the other floors along the way.

FRANK
Are you sure you can carry her up that far? It's a long way.

SAMMY
I used to do it all the time in basic training.

FRANK
When was the last time you did it?

SAMMY
Oh, it's a good twelve, fourteen years ago. And to be honest, the last time I did it, I dropped the person I was carrying on their head. Fractured their skull.

Frank smirks, amused. Sammy hoists the dead weight of the exanimate Joey over her shoulders, starts the arduous climb.

Frank grabs the first rung. Winces in pain. He touches the deep bite marks on his neck where we see -

That the veins sprawling out from the wound are now jet black. Poison of some kind infecting his bloodstream.

He starts the hard climb behind Sammy powering upwards. Sweat beading from her brow. Hands gripping each rung tightly.

Both taking it step by step. Up and up. The ascent feeling never-ending. The drop down to the bottom - Perilous.

Frank peers up at Joey dangling over Sammy's shoulder. The blood from her neck dribbling from her wounds onto his lips.

He wipes the fluid from his mouth. Keeps climbing upwards.

Sammy, hands heavily perspiring, struggles to grab the next rung and then the next one, when without warning -

Joey's eyes shoot open. Locking with Frank's startled gaze.

FRANK
Sammy!

Joey convulses, red foamy saliva spewing from her mouth. Sammy strains to hold her as she wriggles and contorts.

Sammy, grip loosening, heaves a shuddering Joey onto the wooden floorboards of THE 4th FLOOR PASSAGEWAY with a THUD!

Sammy steps off the ladder, grips Joey by the face. Spots her throat filling with a heavy flow of blood.

Frank climbs up, witnesses the commotion from the ladder.

SAMMY
She's choking!

Sammy turns Joey onto her side, palms her on the back. Joey coughs out the red liquid, air rushing back into her lungs.

Joey sits up, gasping loudly, turns to Sammy. A smile appears on her blood-caked face. Joey happy to be alive.

Relief washes over, when in a sliver of lantern light beyond her - Abigail's sinister face leers into faint illumination.

Sammy reacts. Joey oblivious. Frank going for his gun when -

SAMMY (CONT'D)
NO!

Joey, dazed and bewildered, whips her head around just as -

WHOOSH! Abigail grabs Joey by her matted hair, pulling her with extreme force towards the shadows.

Sammy reaches for Joey's foot. Just about grabs it. A tug-O-war ensues. Joey's hair slowly begins ripping from her scalp.

JOEY
AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

Sammy holding on, her grip loosening from a mixture of sweat and blood on her hands. Joey hollering like a wounded animal.

Frank aims the gun. Can't get a clear shot. Sammy in the way.

FRANK
Sammy, move!

Sammy reaches for Joey's flapping hand. About to grip her fingers. But it's too late - Joey is dragged away from her.

Her pained cries ringing out into the ether as she vanishes into the darkness of the passageway in Abigail's possession.

SAMMY
JOEY!

Sammy starts to go after her.

FRANK
She's gone, Sammy. You can't help her.

Sammy stops dead. Fist clenched in fury.

FRANK (CONT'D)
We have to save ourselves. We got to move, now!

She looks to Frank on the ladder. Knows he's right. They start to climb, lickety-split. All the way to the top.

CUT TO:

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - EMPTY BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Frank burst from within another ornate wardrobe. Rushing with haste out of the room and into -

INT. SIXTH FLOOR - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Frank reaches into his back pocket, unfurls the folded map.

FRANK
(scanning the map)
Room 620. That way.

Sammy moves, checks the numbers on the doors. Finds **Room 620.**

SAMMY
Got it! Here!

INT. ROOM 620 - CONTINUOUS

They race into the empty room, stripped bare. No furniture. No bed. Nothing save for a single tattered ironing board.

Frank barges into the bathroom - Nothing but a dank toilet, a cracked sink and a single bulb dangling from the ceiling.

He pounds the walls, needing badly to find an escape route.

SAMMY (O.S.)
Anything?

Frustrated, he punches the mirror. Glass CRACKS like a web.

FRANK
No, nothing.
(reads map)
There should be a way to the seventh floor somewhere in here.

Sammy taps the walls. All solid. No false doors or secret panels. No other way of getting in or out of this room.

Enraged, she grabs the ironing board, hurls it at the sheet metal soldered over the window. CLANG!

Frank peers into the hallway. Abigail nowhere to be seen.

SAMMY
Is she out there?

FRANK
I can’t see her. But we need to get out of here before she comes looking for us.

He shuts the door. Glances to Sammy, lost for what to do next. They are trapped. Lambs waiting to be slaughtered.

SAMMY
Your hand.

Frank eyes his fist, a shard of glass poking out of flesh.

He steps into the bathroom, runs the faucet, slips the wound under the cold rushing water.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
There has to be a way, Frank. There has to be. It says so on the map.

He plucks the shard from his fist. Leans against the bathtub. Exhausted, despondent and bettered by this hotel.

Sammy enters and regards his defeated demeanour.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Maybe we're in the wrong room.

He doesn't respond. Doesn't have the energy.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
We got to keep going, Frank.

FRANK
It's Colin.

Sammy stares, baffled. Not sure what he is getting at.

SAMMY
I don't understand -

FRANK
My name..it's Colin. And you were right earlier when you said this was our front row seat in hell. It truly is. And I deserve to be here in this hell, because of the choices I've made in my life, because of the lies I tell to the people I love and who love me. And most of all, cause I'm a snake that does what he has to do to even if that means taking the lives of others to get it.

He pulls the lockbox key from his pocket, tosses it at a calm Sammy's feet. She isn't too shocked by this revelation.

SAMMY
Why bother confessing now, Colin?

FRANK
Cause it don't matter no more. We're going to die in this hotel.

Frank hangs his head, deflated. Sammy's tired eyes peering up to see - THE SINGLE BULB LIGHT swaying from the ceiling.

<u>The bulb not glass but polished chrome metal</u>. Around it, the square outline of an ATTIC DOOR etched into the ceiling.

SAMMY
Maybe we won't, Colin. Look.

Frank peers up. Sammy grabs the "bulb" dangling from a wire, pulls it downwards.

THE ATTIC DOOR clicks and opens down, a wooden staircase unravelling into the bathroom below. A way up. A way out.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - SECONDS LATER

Sammy and Frank climb up. They study the cobweb filled space.

In front of them - A SET OF ELEGANT DOUBLE DOORS with an electronic lock underneath an antique brass handle.

Sammy slips the keycard into the lock. A red light BEEPS to green. The lock churning and opening with a mechanical groan.

She pulls down the handle. Both stepping cautiously into -

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT -CONTINUOUS

A pristine well-kept apartment full of modern amenities. Grand and lavish. Like a room in an expensive New York loft.

FRANK
Now, this is luxury.

Sammy's eyes land on a large ample painting on a far wall -

A HANDSOME MOUSTACHIOED KING with long flowing dark hair. A red satin crown atop his head, a bejewelled gold star perched on the front. A royal monarch of a time long, long ago.

Sammy stares at the colourful image. Mesmerised until -

FRANK (CONT'D)
Sammy, look at this.

Sammy joins Frank at a vintage vanity table. He shows her an old framed sepia photograph of -

ABIGAIL, the same age she is now, dressed in Victorian-era clothes next to a docked merchant ship: **"THE DEMETER"**

SAMMY
That's her. That's Abigail.

A faded inscription on the frame reads:

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Marya, London, 1897.

FRANK
How can that be?

Behind them, unbeknownst to Sammy and Frank, the penthouse door slowly clicks to a close.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Let’s just find this fire exit and get out of here.

Frank turns to go when suddenly, he winces in colossal torment. Drops to his knees holding the bite on his neck.

SAMMY
Frank?

She steps to him. Peers under his hand to see - THE BLACK VEINS now branching from the wound into his spinal cord.

This “disease” now penetrating his nervous system.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Can you stand?

Frank nods through gritted teeth, starts to rise when -

FRANK
AAAAHHHHHHH!!

He bellows loudly and crumbles to the floor. Writhing in pain. The venom coursing around his bloodstream.

SAMMY
Come on, Frank! Get up!

CLOSE ON FRANK’S MOUTH - His gums begin to recede. Canine teeth sharpening like pointed daggers.

Sammy helps him to his feet. Frank weak, collapses into a plush sofa. Unable to go any further.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Hold on, Frank. I’ll find the way out of here. Just, hold on!

Frank waves her to go as he GROANS into a pillow.

Sammy frantically searches the walls of the apartment. Unable to find the fire exit. She pounds and knocks. Still nothing.

She looks to the painting of the king. A RAY OF SUNLIGHT from the outside world shimmers from behind the frame.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
I think I’ve found it.

Sammy paces towards it when WHUMP! Something heavy drops from the ceiling into her path. She looks down in horror to see -

JOEY'S DECAPITATED HEAD staring back at her.

Sammy slowly looks up. Abigail above her, clinging onto a roof beam with claw-like feet. Titling her head. Intrigued.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
FRANK!?

Frank passed out. The gun in his hand. She bolts to him.

Abigail scrambles along the roof, weaving in and out of the rafters, chasing after her intended prey below.

Sammy grabs the gun from Frank's hand. Aims upwards. BANG!

She misses, the bullet piercing the wooden roof. A stream of sunlight cascading into the room. Abigail swiftly avoids it.

Sammy trains the gun again. Holds steady. Fires. BANG!

It strikes the ceiling. Sunlight crashing onto the back of Frank's shirt as he lays face down on the sofa. Unmoving.

Abigail vanishes into the shadows. Sammy scans the gloom. Can't find her. When from the darkness she hears;

ABIGAIL'S VOICE
You swore I would not be harmed.
You made a pinky promise.

Sammy searches. Hoping to catch a glimpse of the devil child.

SAMMY
That's before I saw what you are.
And the heinous things you can do.

ABIGAIL'S VOICE
Oh, I'm still just a little girl really. I always will be. But unfortunately for many, I have a thirst that must be quenched by human blood and thus, the taking of human life.

Sammy peers into a darkened corner. Aims. But Abigail's voice booms from a completely different part of the ceiling.

ABIGAIL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
You're not like the others, are you? You are not truly a sinner.

Sammy takes a measured step backwards. Surveys above.

ABIGAIL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
You do what you do for your son's survival. In a way, I admire that.

SAMMY
Shut up! You don’t know him. You don’t know anything about my son.

ABIGAIL’S VOICE
Is that so, Gloria?

From the ceiling, an object flutters down, landing at Sammy’s feet - HER POLAROID OF HERSELF AND HER SON BEN IN HOSPITAL.

Sammy glares at it, alarmed. While above her - Abigail darts by, fast, and out of view once again.

ABIGAIL’S VOICE (CONT'D)
There are many emotions in this world that I have yet to truly understand, even in my prolonged lifetime. But the undying love of a parent for a child is not one of them. Thanks to daddy, I experience that as any child should.

SAMMY
You think your father loves you? Even though he did this to you? Had us bring you here and put you in danger?

ABIGAIL’S VOICE
(scoffs)
He did not have you or I brought here. This is a game that I engineered. I had Sandor bring you here and as you have witnessed, I am in no danger. But the same could not be said for your fellow abductors. Those wretched sinners and deviants.

FLASH: In the food cellar, Abigail tears open Dean’s throat with her razor-sharp claws and begins feasting on his neck.

FLASH: In her bedroom, Abigail exits the wardrobe with the dead dog’s corpse in her hand, flings it under her bed.

FLASH: In the elevator, Peter tries to stab Abigail. She swiftly snatches the knife away. Stabs him in the neck repeatedly before clamping down with her teeth to feed.

FLASH: With extreme strength, Abigail rips Joey’s head from her neck, cackles with menacing glee.

BACK TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

ABIGAIL'S VOICE
What sort of predator would I be if I feared my own handpicked prey?

Sammy eyes a shadowy corner of the roof. Aims the pistol.

ABIGAIL'S VOICE (CONT'D)
You see, this is my curse. This is who I was born to be. And like any parent raising a child, my daddy allows me my indulgences, my hobbies.... My playtime.

SAMMY
You're a monster. You and Deville.

ABIGAIL'S VOICE
No, we are family. He is my Tată. He is my blood. And his name is not Deville.....His name is Dracula.

Abigail appears in the light. A wicked fanged smile wiped across her terrifyingly morphed demonic face.

ABIGAIL
And I am his daughter.

Sammy squares her jaw. Steadies the pistol in her hand.

SAMMY
And I don't give a fuck!

BANG! She fires. The bullet crashes into Abigail's skull. She recoils, head whiplashing back, but again - It has no effect.

Abigail lets out a GUTTERAL ROAR. Quickly scurries down the wall like a lizard.

Sammy pulls the trigger. CLICK! The clip empty.

Abigail charges. Sammy hurls the gun at her, the monstrous young girl sidestepping it as she advances with velocity.

She bolts. Abigail leaps, high into the air, tackling Sammy. Woman and child crashing hard into the vanity table.

Abigail flips Sammy over onto her back. Straddles her, pinning her to the floor with her knees.

Sammy grabs the kitchen knife from her belt, rams it into the palm of Abigail's hand.

Abigail arches back, screams loudly, rips the blade from her hand. Tosses it across the floor towards Frank's booted feet.

Sammy squirms. Can't move. She punches Abigail in the face. Again and again. The girl absorbing the blows. Displeased.

ABIGAIL
Please, stop. I don't want to cause you any unnecessary pain.

Sammy slugs her one more time in the face. Abigail grabs her by the head. POUNDS it hard against the floor. Dazing her.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, but you left me with no choice but to do that.

On the sofa, the sliver of sunlight gently beams on Frank's neck. His skin smokes, flesh gently sizzling.

His eyes open to see - Abigail on top of a subdued Sammy.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
Your son is lucky to have you. You are strong, you are a fighter. Good qualities to have in a mother.

Sammy stunned, desperately pushes at Abigail's monstrous face. The young girl brushing her hands aside with ease.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I always dreamt of having a mother who would care for me the way you obviously care for him. To show me love the way only a mother can.

Abigail smirks, fangs on show.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
That could make me truly feel alive inside.

Sammy pivots her head to see - Frank back on his feet. The kitchen knife in his hand.

Abigail side looks, eyes bulging in shock.

FRANK
I'm afraid it's too late for that, sweetheart. Dead should stay dead.

Frank stabs the knife into the centre of Abigail's chest.

Abigail's eyes gleam in terror as she tumbles backwards off of Sammy. Pawing at the blade, but it won't rip free.

Her body seizing violently. Blood oozes from the gaping wound, pooling on the floor beneath her doll-like body.

Sammy scrambles to her feet. Abigail reaching out to her with her pinky finger curt in a crooked position. The sign of -

A PINKY PROMISE. A promise that Sammy could not keep.

She squeakily whimpers. Trying to speak. But no words come.

Until finally, her eyes roll white into the back of her head and she exhales a final blood gurgling breath.

Frank, his back to Sammy, rubs the scorched skin on his neck. Both of them stunned into silence until eventually -

SAMMY
We need to go, Frank.

FRANK
I don't think that's possible.

SAMMY
It is. The painting. There is a way out behind. We should go now.

Sammy places a hand on Frank's shoulder. Freezes upon noticing- The black veins on his neck pulsating and rippling.

His hands taloned with sharpened nails. Just like Abigail's.

FRANK
I'm afraid I can't let you leave, Sammy.

Sammy slowly starts to back away. Gingerly.

FRANK (CONT'D)
The job is still a go.

Sammy peeks over her shoulder at the painting. Her way out.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And unfortunately for you -

Frank turns to her, his features mutated and disturbed. Fangs in his mouth large and sharp. His metamorphosis complete.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You'll still need to die.

Sammy spins to flee. But Frank is hot on her tail, wrapping his arms around her waist, hoisting her high in the air and -

SLAMMING her hard against the wall. Sammy, winded, clambers to her feet. Frank advancing on her, SLASHES his claws.

She ducks, rolls out of the way. His sharp talons scraping along the brickwork, shrieking like nails on a chalkboard.

Sammy makes it to the busted vanity table, grabs a wooden leg, hauls off on Frank like a crazed baseball player until -

He stops her, gripping the wooden leg tight in his grasp.

Frank snarls at her like an animal. PUNCHES her in the face.

Sammy lands hard on her back. Peers up at the pissed off vampire stomping towards her with hate/ hunger in his eyes.

Frank raises the spiked wooden leg high, rams it down - Sammy flips onto her stomach, dodges his attack.

He brings it down again, and again, Sammy evades every time, struggles to her feet, dashes towards the painting.

Angered, he spits, hurls the table leg at her and WHACK!

It strikes the back of her head. Sammy winces, crumbles to her knees for a moment. Dazed and unsteady.

Frank makes towards her, dodging the sun streams as he goes.

Sammy stands, wobbles, turns on her heels just as - Frank grips her around the throat, lifting her clean off her feet.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(sniffing)
I can smell your blood pumping through your veins. It smells sweet. Like candy.

Sammy strains to breathe. His claws piercing her skin.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Though it’s been wicked fun -

Frank’s fangs elongate. The fresh vampire ready to feed.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I’m afraid the game ends here.

Frank sneers. Licks his fangs. When behind him he hears;

ABIGAIL’S VOICE
Oh, I don’t think so.

Frank hesitates. Turns around to see - Abigail on her feet, tapping the knife in her palm. Giggling like a giddy child.

ABIGAIL
I think the game is just starting to get interesting.

Frank releases Sammy from his grip. Her body crumbling to the floor in a heap.

FRANK
Why won’t you just die, you evil little bitch?

ABIGAIL
It’s very hard to die when you’re born dead. But for you, it should be easy and very, very painful.

Frank snarls.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
And just so you know, you Southie prick. I ain’t a bitch -

Abigail steels herself. Drops the knife. The blade spiking upright into the wooden floor.

The tiny blood soaked ballerina dressed in her blood splattered tutu readying for a badass vampiric fight.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I’m a mother fucking creature of the night.

Frank charges at Abigail. The young vampire poised in wait. Holding her ground when in a flash -

She leaps over Frank’s body, landing on his back with supernatural agility, driving her knifelike claws deep into his shoulder blades, twisting her knuckles in his flesh.

He screams, swings, trying to get her off. Abigail tearing at his back like a wild manic animal. Unrelenting.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
(to Sammy)
GO! RUN!!

Sammy scrambles to her feet. Recovers the knife. Rushes to the painting and starts slashing at the canvass to reveal -

THE FIRE EXIT DOOR hidden behind.

Frank grabs Abigail’s tutu, pulls her with force over his head, both vampires slamming through a glass coffee table.

He leaps on top of her, begins strangling her with murderous fury in his eyes.

A trickle of light from the roof scorches his hands. Frank howls, relinquishing his grip. He stands. In pain.

Abigail rolls away from the sunbeam, charges full speed, spearing Frank to the ground like Lawrence Taylor.

Abigail raises up but Frank head-butts her in the mouth, hurtles her across the room like she were a sack of shit.

AT THE FIRE EXIT.

Sammy rips the flaps of canvass from the frame, grips the handle of the fire door, about to escape her hotel hell when -

FRANK
Sammy. Wait.

He holds out his talon-like hand. Pleading for her help.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You can't leave me here. You can't leave me like this.

Sammy glares at him. Her face a picture of unnatural Zen.

SAMMY
Sorry, Frank. I'd love to help ya. But like you said earlier, you deserve to be here in this hell.

Sammy presses down on the door handle.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
The jobs over and I'm checking the fuck out of this hotel!

Frank's leaps to his feet. About to charge her.

FRANK
(demonic)
YOU FUCKING BITCH!!!

She pushes the door open. Blinding sunlight floods inside.

Sammy steps into the world, taking cover on the fire escape just as - The SPIKED TABLE LEG erupts from Frank's heart.

Abigail behind him, ramming the stake through his chest cavity, pushes him with force towards the fire exit door.

The young vampire diving to safety as BOOM! Frank combusts.

ON THE FIRE EXIT

An explosion of intense fire flickers past Sammy as Frank, completely engulfed by flames, rushes by, toppling over the stair rail, crashing down onto the van parked below.

Sammy steadies herself. Smiles, relieved. Her nightmare over with the opening of a door to a bright sun kissed morning.

She peers down at the flaming inferno, then peeks her head back into the penthouse to see - Abigail is gone.

PENTHOUSE APARTMENT

The elegant door to the room gently closes with a CLICK!

BACK TO:

THE FIRE EXIT

A war torn Sammy hobbles down the metal stairs. Bloody and beaten. Finally free from her front row seat to hell as we -

FADE TO:

INT. CHILDRENS HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A NURSE pushing a pill trolley exits a child's room. Making her away down the corridor into another ward.

Sammy steps hastily around an empty nurse's station. Padding softly and quietly into -

INT. CHILDRENS HOSPITAL - WARD - CONTINUOUS

She locks the door and turns to her son, BEN, asleep in bed. Tears well up as she rushes to his side and rubs his face.

SAMMY
(soft)
I'm here, baby. Mummy's here.

Ben shifts restlessly in his slumber. She kisses him tenderly on the cheek. A mother happy to be reunited with her son.

WE SLOWLY PUSH by the bed, towards the window as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

Abigail, wrapped in her winter coat and gloves, watches the reunion from the top of a building across the street.

ABIGAIL
She's a good woman. She is kind, empathetic, strong. Everything a young child in this crazy world could ask for from a loving mother.

From the shadows of the night beyond her, A MALE VOICE booms.

MALE VOICE
Is that why you chose to spare her, my sweet?

ABIGAIL
Yes, daddy. I really do like her.
She makes me feel...human.

Abigail's father, DRACULA, steps into the moonlight behind his daughter. Gently rests a caring hand on her shoulder.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
I know you have many brides but I would love her to be my mummy.
Forever and ever, and ever.

DRACULA
Is that so?

Abigail nods. Her forlorn gaze focused on Sammy hugging her son in the hospital ward. Squeezing him with loving embrace.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Well, what my little Abigail wants.
My little Abigail shall get.

ABIGAIL
Really? You pinky promise?

DRACULA
Of course, my sweet..I pinky promise.

Abigail's smiles, elated with this news. The little ballerina's fangs peeking out behind her lips as we -

SMASH CUT TO:

THE END CREDITS WHERE WE HEAR:

"FRANK SINATRA'S, I GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING"